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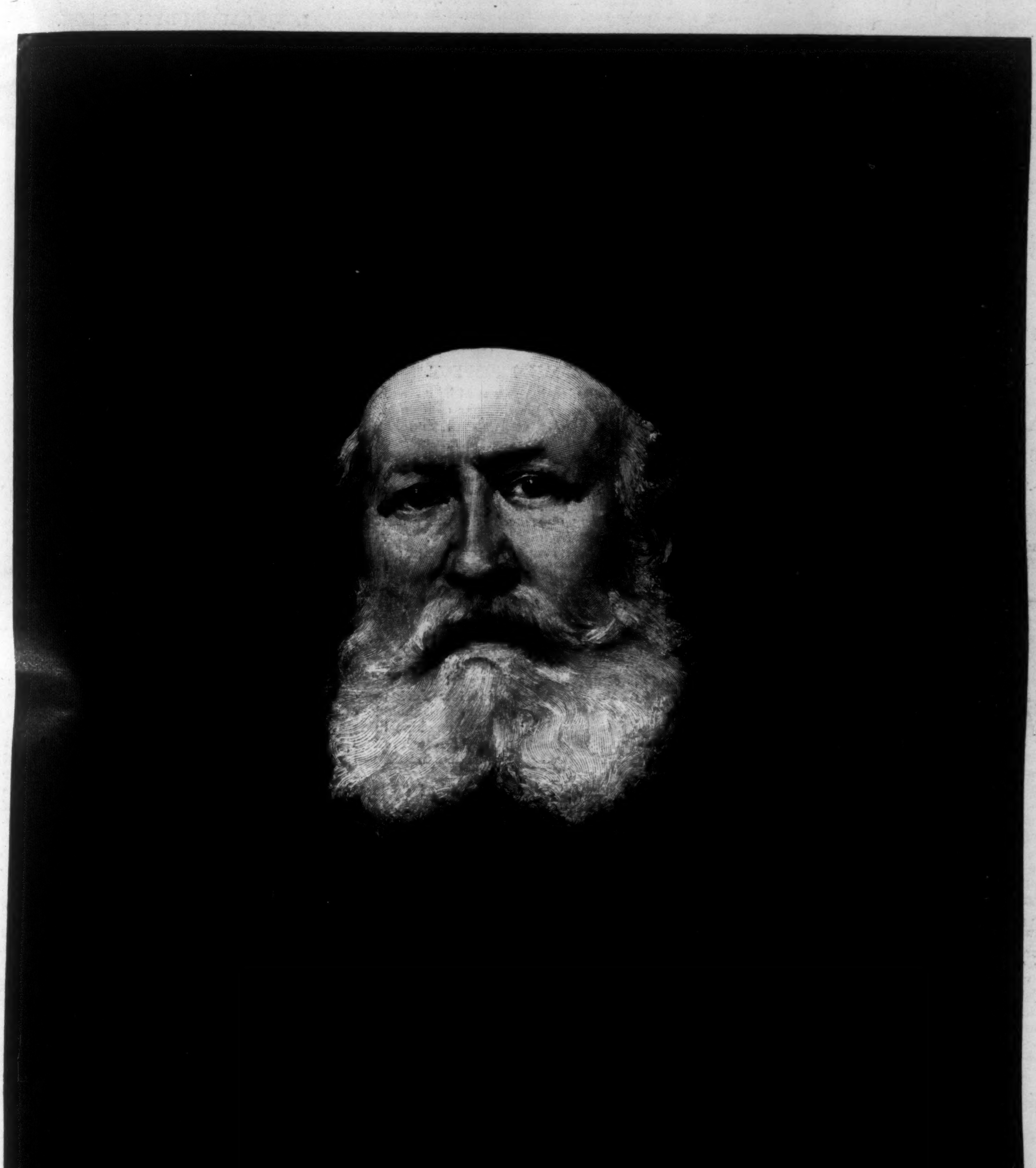

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THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW.

VII.—A CIVILIAN AT AN ARMY POST.

The seventh paper in the series entitled "The West from a Car Window," by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, *will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTE IN NEW YORK.

THE duty of an independent political journal, as we understand it, is to state the political situation as the journal sees it to be, and not as it may wish the situation to be. Such a journal does not treat the news in a partisan manner, that is, by stating only what is favorable to its own wishes. It seeks to describe the situation impartially. But such is the power of the partisan habit in the mind of the reader that an honest description is often regarded as a statement of the desire of the journal. The independent press in this country, which embraces many papers of the highest character and ability, and of wide and influential circulation, undoubtedly regards the nomination of Mr. **CLEVELAND** as most desirable, and would probably support him if he were nominated. This is largely true of the independent voters as well as of the journals, and as those voters in New York probably hold the balance of power, their position in the election of this year is a question of great importance. It is possible, indeed, that under the law just passed by the Democratic Legislature, which is intended to enable Tammany Hall, so far as possible, to control the vote of the State in the city, a fairly honest election may be prevented. But in such an election the independent vote would be of the highest importance.

In New York the independent vote is really independent. It is not organized, and its course is only to be inferred. In 1884 and 1888 it was generally thrown for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency and the Republican candidate for the Governorship. In 1891 it was divided. Probably the larger part supported the Democratic nomination, and the smaller part the Republican. Independent voters are generally agreed upon four points—civil service reform, an honest currency, tariff reform (in a revenue, and not a protection sense), and honest elections. But they do not generally favor a force bill, because they do not believe that it would protect those whom it is designed to protect, but would merely exasperate the situation, which no law can control. There are, however, a great many independent voters who are protectionists in the **GARFIELD** sense, and who, in a canvass turning chiefly upon the tariff, would support the Republican rather than the Democratic candidate, holding that progress in civil service reform and honest administration is quite as probable under Republican as under Democratic ascendency. But of the four points upon which the larger part of such voters are agreed, Mr. **CLEVELAND** is the only conspicuous representative; and as his views are convictions, and as such voters believe in his courage and tenacity, should he be nominated, he would have their support.

So at least it seems to us. But his nomination has never seemed to us so certain as to some other independent observers. The Democratic schism in this State is not a mere difference of personal preference. If the candidate should be taken from New York, he must be either Mr. **CLEVELAND** or Mr. **HILL**. If either one of them should be selected, there would be prodigious professions of harmony and of fraternal falling into line for the party candidate. Strong men, however, would be less likely to weep upon the occasion than to swear. Every intelligent man in New York knows that if Mr. **HILL** should be nominated, there are **CLEVELAND** Democrats enough to prevent his carrying the State; and as this is perfectly well known to the **HILL** men, if Mr. **CLEVELAND** should be nominated, there are enough **HILL** men to do the same service for Mr. **CLEVELAND**, and to "sell him out" much more emphatically than they did in 1838. As National Conventions are usually constituted, [illegible] at Chicago will hesitate to stigmatize the unanimous regular action of the party in New York as fraudulent, because it is the regular action of the party organization which Mr. **CLEVELAND** and his friends three months before urgently supported. This is very possibly a mistaken view of the situation, but so it appears to independent eyes entirely friendly to Mr. **CLEVELAND**. It may be that there will be a **CLEVELAND** freshet in the Democratic Convention which will sweep away all doubt, and make him the candidate by acclamation. Nevertheless, the view of probabilities that we state is certainly not now unreasonable.

THE REPUBLICAN PROSPECT.

THE Republican nomination seems to be assured. The President has the advantage, for the opposition, although strong, is entirely unorganized, and has not agreed upon a candidate. There are rumors of the reappearance of Mr. **SHERMAN** in the field, although he says that he has been bought and sold as often as he cares to be. Ex-Speaker **REED** is mentioned, and his candidacy would arouse more enthusiasm than that of any one except the other man from Maine, who is not friendly to Mr. **REED**. Governor **McKINLEY** is always a possible candidate, and would be a strong one, while Mr. **ROBERT T. LINCOLN** is always the clearly defined dark horse upon whom in a moment of irresolution in the Convention a probably successful concentration could be made. It is the irony of the Republican situation that there is a candidate upon whom the party could unite at once, and joyfully, but who declines the nomination. The situation is complicated by the reported refusal of the chiefs of the two factions in New York to take any part in the campaign if the President should be the candidate, leaving the New York machine in inexperienced hands, and as the vote of New York cannot be spared, the refusal of these leaders to "take hold" would be a very serious fact.

All this difference and refusal has a most ignoble basis. It involves no question of principle and no consideration of the public welfare. It is the result of personal disappointment and chagrin, and it is an excellent illustration of that character of "practical politics" which disgusts and repels so many intelligent men. The hope of the Republican party in the national campaign lies in its hearty union. Such union springs from sincere interest in the purposes of the party, and no man who is a Republican from principle, who thinks that high protection and a force bill are essential to the national welfare, would weaken or perplex the chance of party success because of personal disappointment. If Mr. **PLATT**, for instance, because President **HARRISON** did not make him Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. **MILLER**, because the President left him lying outside the breastworks, will not do all that they can to secure the President's re-election, should he be nominated, they are extremely indifferent Republicans. Mr. **INGERSOLL** began his famous "plumed knight" speech at Cincinnati in 1876 by saying: "Massachusetts is satisfied with the Republicanism of **BENJAMIN H. BRISTOW**. So am I. But if Massachusetts will not give her largest vote for any candidate who may be nominated by this Convention, I am not satisfied with the Republicanism of Massachusetts."

The serious injury to a party which would undoubtedly result from such indifference as that said to be threatened by Messrs. **PLATT** and **MILLER** illustrates how completely party has become merged in the machine. Those who talk of practical independence within a party forget that to argue and vote against the machine or the regular action of the party is to become practically the ally of the opposing party. If, for instance, the indifference of Messrs. **PLATT** and **MILLER** to the Republican campaign in New York because of President **HARRISON**'s nomination should result in Democratic success in the State, the single fact that they might have voted the regular ticket would not relieve them of the imputation of practically aiding Democratic success. Party leadership, in the modern sense of "bossing," involves a responsibility which cannot be laid aside to the party detriment without the just condemnation of the party which is consequently enfeebled and defeated. The only remedy for this situation is an independence which threatens by the probability of defeat the despotism which the machine has acquired, for defeat is the only thing which machines fear. But this independence is impossible for those who think that the party as such must be always sustained against the opposition. Fortunately for the Republican machine this year, however, the Democratic machine seems to be chiefly engaged in grinding out Republican success.

LORD SALISBURY'S SPEECH.

No recent speech has excited more attention than that of Lord **SALISBURY**, the English Prime Minister, on the 6th of May. It is extraordinary as a plea of justification for armed rebellion in Ireland in the event of a course in that country which he thinks that the Liberals would pursue should they come into power. This is, at least, a signal of extreme distress. It is designed, perhaps, only to serve a political purpose in the coming election by startling the country with the prospect of civil war if the Tories should be defeated. But there is nothing veiled or indirect in the speech, which we suppose is a speech without precedent from the head of the government. The leaders of Protestant Ulster have threatened not to submit to a local Romanized political ascendency in the event of a home-rule which should give Ireland a separate government. "They dread," says Lord **SALISBURY**, "being put under the feet of their hereditary and irreconcilable enemies. Is there a worse fate to be given to any man? Remember that everything the Ulsterman holds dear will be in the hands of Dr. **WALSH** and his political friends. Everything—all the wealth which they produce, all their commerce, all their flourishing agriculture, all the circumstances which distinguish them from the rest of Ireland, will be at the mercy of the majority, over whom no check will exist. Is that not a terrible fate to which to condemn any man?" Then he justifies their threatened action, and laughs at passive obedience to such a wrong. "I do not believe," says Lord **SALISBURY**, "in the unrestricted power of Parliament any more than I do in the unrestricted power of kings."

That is sound English and American doctrine. It began to be taught at Runnymede a great many years ago, and the lesson was inculcated in America by the American Revolution. But the crucial question is, how such arbitrary power shall be resisted. "Parliament has a right to govern the people of Ulster; it has not a right to sell them into slavery," says Lord **SALISBURY**; and alluding to the resistance of Ulster to **JAMES** II., he adds: "If a similar abuse of power, be it on the part of a Parliament or on the part of a king, should ever occur at any future time, I do not believe that the people of Ulster have lost their sturdy love of freedom or their detestation of arbitrary power." They would, of course, decide for themselves whether to resist in arms, or in some other way. But if they should invoke the right of revolution as our colonial fathers did, Lord **SALISBURY** virtually promises to them the support of the English Tory party. He says: "I cannot help seeing in the language of those who herald this approaching change, the belief that the military force of England will be employed to subject the people of Ulster to Dr. **WALSH** and his political friends. Political prophecy is always uncertain, but I think I may venture to prophesy that any attempt on the part of any government to perpetrate such an outrage as this would rend society in two." Not in Ireland only, but to attempt to suppress a rebellion in Ulster would rend English society in two. That is to say, if the approaching election should result in a **GLADSTONE** Parliament and government, and local Irish rule should be established over Ulster, and Ulster should rebel, and the local government appeal for support to the imperial government, and English troops should be sent to enforce Irish local law against Ulster, the Tory opposition in Parliament and in England would support Ulster.

Revolution is the last, desperate remedy for political oppression to which resort is justifiable, according to our American doctrine, only when all peaceful means of redress have failed. Even then wise men will not resort to it unless there is a fair chance of success, or unless they prefer death to longer endurance of oppression. In this case Lord **SALISBURY** represents the mere fact of the establishment of priestly domination as an evil so intolerable as to authorize any kind of resistance, and he speaks unhesitatingly of his political friends in England as holding the same view. Such a manifesto gives the most exciting interest to the election. It makes civil war the issue. It declares in advance that what the Liberals mean to do in Ireland may be justly opposed in arms, and that the armed opposition will be supported by one of the great parties in England.

The speech will certainly not moderate the Ulster declarations in its convention, which assembles on the 17th of June, and the next speech of Mr. Gladstone upon general politics will be awaited with profound interest, as he cannot be silent under so extraordinary a challenge from the chief of the opposition.

FREE SILVER COINAGE AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Republicans cannot assert justly that the Republican party is the party of a sound currency, for if it be so there is no Republican party in Idaho, and a very doubtful one in Kansas. The so-called Republican Convention in Kansas declares for "the passage of such laws as will increase the coinage of silver, looking to the coinage of the production of our own mines, as soon as it can be done without injury to the business interests of the country." That has a familiar sound. But the Idaho Convention which called itself Republican instructs its delegates to Minneapolis to "use their utmost endeavors to secure a plank in the Republican platform unequivocally pledging the party to the free and unlimited coinage of silver," and to vote against the nomination of any candidate for the Presidency or the Vice-Presidency who does not favor free silver coinage.

If these delegates should be admitted to the National Convention to take part in the nomination of candidates and the declaration of the party faith, their recognition as Republicans can be justified only upon the ground that as yet the party as a party has not declared its faith or position upon the subject, and therefore cannot yet claim to be the party of an honest currency. The old Republican party was in truth the party of the non-extension of slavery, and no delegate whose State Convention had declared in favor of admitting slavery into the Territories would have been admitted to a seat and a vote in the Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln.

Republicans, however, may say truly that no great Republican leader is a free silver advocate, like Mr. Mills and Mr. Carlisle among Democratic leaders, and that the great weight of Republican opinion is sound upon the question. They may also claim that, except for their interposition, the Democratic House, the latest chosen national representative of the Democratic party, would have passed a free coinage bill. If the National Republican Convention should adopt an unequivocal declaration against the free coinage of silver, it would go far to identify that party with a sound currency policy.

MR. KIPLING'S VIEW.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's laboriously elaborate vituperation of the city of New York is amusing, and there is a good deal of truth in his extravagance. A good deal also is merely silly, as when he says that the newspapers, the speech, and the actions of the city prove that the security of human life is lightly regarded. One such generalization shows the intrinsic worthlessness of the censor's observations. Some of them may be correct, but they are correct by chance, not by intention. For some reason Mr. Kipling not only does not like us—a dislike which is certainly open to him—but he cordially detests us, which, with equal certainty, for any reasons that he gives, cannot concern us.

His animadversions are an interesting recurrence of the British spleen of seventy and eighty years ago, when Messrs. Fiedler and Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope and others pleased a certain part of the British public, and perhaps profited themselves, by publishing elaborate caricatures of American manners and customs. Our fathers were foolishly annoyed by these gibes, and Uncle Sam shook his fist testily at grinning John Bull, who thereupon despatched another traveller to laugh at us in another book.

The excellent Mr. Kipling is probably unacquainted with these predecessors in the art of lampooning, but he may be sure that the sons will not be irritated like their fathers. Finding New York to be "a long narrow pig-trough," although there may be some surprise that for that reason he should have left it, yet they will certainly approve his departure; and should he write other fictitious stories as clever as many that he has already written, the poor New-Yorkers, who have no regard for human life, or for justice, criminal or civil, will prove that they have a great deal of regard for their own entertainment by reading the stories which, as he would say, they can no longer steal.

POLITICS AND PRISONS.

That we govern ourselves is no reason that we should govern ourselves badly. Indeed that was the very reason why we would not submit to British government. Dr. Johnson assured us that taxation was no tyranny. But we differed with Miss Pinkerton's great lexicographer, and took French leave of Britain. We people of New York govern our State-prisons, and we govern them very badly. There is no good reason whatever why there should be politics in their management, or why professional politicians like Mr. Edward Murphy or Mr. Smith Weed should be allowed, for instance, to fill the fifty-seven offices of the Dannemora State-prison with their political henchmen.

What is necessary for proper prison government is a body of officers selected for their experience and fitness for such duties, and not because they can be trusted by Messrs. Murphy and Weed to pack party caucuses and "whoop it up" for candidates pleasing to those two gentlemen. What business have they in the prisons? What authority have the people of New York given them to appoint their personal and partisan agents to take care of State prisoners? None whatever. It is only by the good-natured indifference of the people that such power is exercised.

The law which provides that such officers should be appointed only upon ascertaining their fitness, and not by party bosses for personal and political reasons, was intended to include such officers in the prisons. But the Court of Appeals has decided that it does not include them, because the State-prison Department is established by the Constitution with special powers, and is therefore not governed by general laws. The remedy lies in a constitutional amendment which will bring the employés of all departments under the general law. Can there be any valid objection to such a scheme? Does any intelligent citizen suppose that the prisons will be better managed by political workers appointed by party bosses than by men whose experience and fitness and general qualifications have been ascertained, and who will be safe from the interference of political bosses? That is the only question, and honest voters may wisely inquire of candidates for the Assembly next autumn what their views are upon this subject.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PARTIES.

Governor Buchanan of Tennessee remarks that "the people will be as quick to rebuke one party as another." He was speaking of the passage by the Democratic House of the extravagant river and harbor bill. His remark is both true and suggestive. The appeal of every campaign is not to the parties, which are already committed, but to the people, that is to say, to the great multitude of independent voters—in other words, the mugwumps. In Rhode Island the Providence *Journal* estimates the number of this class of voters as between four and five thousand—quite enough to decide an election in that State. In Massachusetts the number is very much larger, and in New York it is large enough to be of vital importance.

This vote is profoundly and contemptuously indifferent to the cry that every man ought to decide with which party he will identify himself, and stick to it through thick and thin. It will be cast for the candidates whose election seems to it to promise most for good and honest government. It is not the professions of a party at a National Convention, it is its performance, its general tendency and obvious character, and the consequent probability of its action indicated by the candidate whom it selects, which really decides this vote.

It is this fact which explains the change in the Democratic prospect. The tariff reform plank in the platform will not be the only subject of consideration by the independent voter. A party may declare for tariff reform, but throw all its local influence for the liquor interest, and obstruct wholesome reform legislation, and endanger honest elections, and aim at free silver, and "loot" the public treasury, and excite general distrust both of its desire and capacity for good government. In such a case there is no intelligent voter who would not reflect whether such actual predilections and performances were satisfactorily set off by any profession of reform in the platform, and the rejection of a candidate who represents it. This disposition, as Governor Buchanan of Tennessee shrewdly suspects, is quickened by reckless extravagance of public expenditure, and by the general course of the elected representatives of a party.

THE CHINESE EXCLUSION LAW.

The President has signed the Chinese exclusion bill, and has made an explanation which has the air of an apology for his course. The Rev. Dr. Baldwin, who addressed to him a letter, to which the President's letter is a reply, took a step which the President might have left unnoticed, for it is certainly unwise for the Chief Executive to undertake an explanation of his official action to individual correspondents. The strongest reason alleged by the President is that he was assured that without his approval of the exclusion bill the existing law would lapse, and the Chinese could come at will.

The bill was thoroughly exposed by Senator Sherman, and there can be no good reason alleged for it by those who hold, as we do, that the country has a perfect right, in the interests of liberty and civilization, to regulate immigration. There has been no general complaint that the late law did not fulfil its purpose; and now to strengthen it by imposing ignominious conditions upon resident Chinamen, to pass a bill which recalls the arbitrary penal anti-Catholic laws in Ireland, is a wrong which cannot be explained away.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, who retains much of the spirit of his famous father, but whose free-trade views have made him a supporter of the later Democratic policy, has published a stirring appeal, urging the Massachusetts sentiment which paralyzed the fugitive slave law to make the Chinese exclusion law a dead letter in Massachusetts. Remembering that the law was proposed by a Democratic Representative, and that a Democratic committee of conference persisted in retaining its offensive clauses, Mr. Garrison says: "This low bid for the hoodlum vote of the Pacific States is hardly an earnest of the regeneration of the ancient party of oppression. Is this the Jeffersonian principle which is so lauded on the great Virginian's birthday?" And he advises the Republicans who voted for the bill to spare us hereafter any effusive expression of sympathy for the outraged rights of colored citizens in the Southern States. As "the wicked nullification of righteous law successfully persists in Mississippi and the Carolinas," Mr. Garrison hopes that Massachusetts will nullify this unrighteous act.

PERSONAL.

The Golden Rose, which the Pope has this year bestowed on the Queen of Portugal, is given to Catholics for zeal and devotion to the Church. The custom is an ancient one, dating back to the twelfth century, and the decoration is all the more highly prized because but one is granted every year, and sometimes, if no person is deemed worthy to receive it, it is laid away in the Vatican. Henry VIII. of England, Napoleon III., and Queen Isabella II. of Spain are among the crowned heads on whom the honor has been conferred, and in America the late Mrs. Ellen E. Sherman, the wife of General Sherman, received it for promoting Catholic missions in the West, and Miss Gwendolen Caldwell for her gift of $300,000 to the new Catholic University at Washington. The decoration is a sprig bearing several roses, the chief one of which is of the purest gold.

—Although the characteristic drawings of that distinguished American illustrator Mr. A. B. Frost are well known to the readers of Harper's periodicals, it will be a matter of news to many that he is developing no little talent as a painter of out-door effects. At the present exhibition of the Society of American Artists are to be seen four landscape studies by Mr. Frost, which are a genuine surprise to his friends. They show a fine appreciation of color, and a technique that would do credit to a painter of far greater experience.

—"Private Joe" Fifer, who has become for a second time the nominee of the Republicans of Illinois for Governor, is a man who finds time to cultivate the amenities of life. He likes to dance, to play whist, and to fish, and is fond of athletic sports. During the days of his army life he excelled, it is said, as a wrestler, and he is still a good horseman and an untiring pedestrian. Governor Fifer is six feet tall, but very slender, weighing not more than 150 pounds. He walks with erectness and vigor, and his somewhat remarkable physical strength surprises those who think his thin frame indicative of weakness.

—The odor of musk has been known to cause people with sensitive olfactory nerves to faint away, but it is most surprising to learn that the perfume of flowers can affect a singer's voice. Madame Patti's maid, however, makes the statement that the perfume of violets causes a hoarseness in the diva's throat such as might be due to a bad cold. Consequently no plants of any kind, and especially no cut flowers, are ever allowed to remain in the prima donna's bedroom.

—Ex-President Hayes passes most of his working hours in the library of his beautiful country home—"Spiegel Grove," as it is called—on the outskirts of Fremont, Ohio. His interest in public affairs is as keen as it ever was, but he takes absolutely no part in politics. Since the death of his wife, his only daughter, Miss Fanny Hayes, has been the head of his household, and his two younger sons remain at home with him. His oldest son, Richard, is a lawyer in Toledo, and his second son, Webb, is in business in Cleveland.

—Two of the President's grandchildren—Benjamin Harrison McKee and Mary Lodge McKee—are sturdy little people with chubby faces and a surplus of animal spirits. The third grandchild, Marthena Harrison, is quieter and more delicate than the others, and also prettier. The McKee children are in charge of a German governess, who has taught them to speak fluently, though with a limited vocabulary, the tongue of the fatherland. They say their prayers in German, and at "baby Benjamin's" first state banquet, given recently on the occasion of his birthday, the toasts were spoken in that language. Little Marthena Harrison is attended by a Swedish girl, who is proficient in kindergarten teaching.

—An election of officers of the National Academy of Design for the ensuing year was held on the 11th of May, resulting in the re-election of Mr. T. W. Wood as President, and of Mr. F. D. Millet as Vice-President. Messrs. Frank Fowler, W. St. John Harper, and C. McIlhenny were chosen Associates. At the annual dinner which was served in the evening, and at which President Wood presided, several speeches were delivered by members of the Academy.

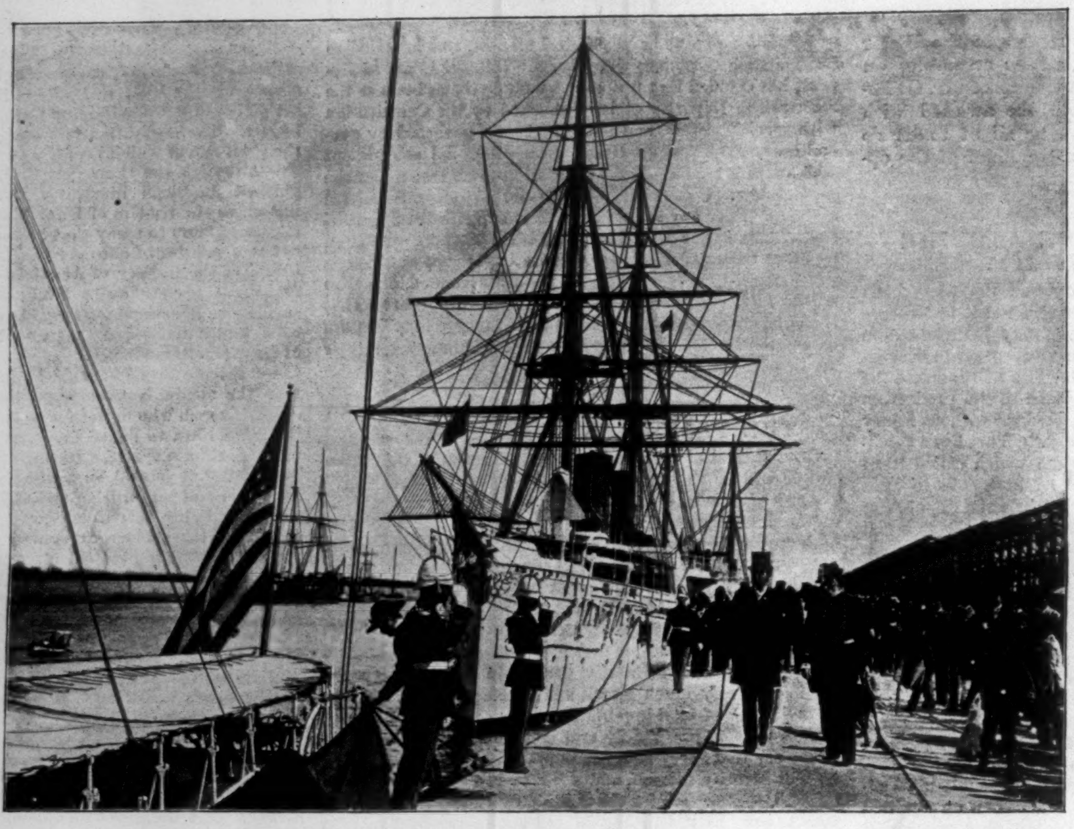
—Mr. Gladstone is known among his colleagues in public life as "the man with the terrible memory," and yet it has been said of him that he has forgotten more than most British statesmen ever knew. His memory has always been good, but he has improved it greatly by forcing it to retain facts that other men make memoranda of and forget. When he was Prime Minister it was his practice to keep the run of all the details of business with the execution of which three secretaries were intrusted. Mr. Gladstone possesses the invaluable accomplishment of putting to use all the odd moments of his time. It is then that the bulk of his correspondence, which exceeds in volume that of any of his contemporaries, is disposed of. His autograph is more familiar to Englishmen than that of any other public man.

—Henry Randolph, who died in New York on the 10th inst., was well known as a man of cultivated literary tastes, and as an occasional contributor to the magazines and other periodicals. Although educated for the law, he soon abandoned it for literature, and had been for some years connected with the publishing house of which his father, Anson D. F. Randolph, was the head, and for which he compiled several successful books of poetry and music.

—Secretary Elkins says that once after General Grant had given him a detailed account of a hotly contested engagement he asked: "General, how did you feel while the battle was in progress? What did you think of?" General Grant answered very simply: "I really don't know. I can't say that I felt anything, save that I knew I had to whip the enemy, and I was bound to do it." The answer seems characteristic of Grant. Other generals less modest would not have found it difficult to give a circumstantial account of their sensations at such a time of responsibility.

—The widow of the late Admiral Dahlgren is said to be one of the most attractive women in Washington society. Invitations to her entertainments are eagerly sought, and she finds time to accomplish a great deal of literary work. She has translated into English several works of French and Spanish authors, and has, besides, written a number of books from which she derives remunerative royalties. Mrs. Dahlgren is a few years past fifty. She has been twice a widow, her first husband having been Daniel C. Goddard, of Zanesville, Ohio.

—Among our younger artists very few have made more rapid advancement than Mr. F. V. Du Mond, whose painting of "The Holy Family" has recently elicited much favorable comment in New York art circles. After an absence of three years in Paris, Mr. Du Mond returns to this city, where he has taken a studio. He has just been elected a member of the Society of American Artists, and also an instructor of drawing in the Art Students' League of New York.



ARGENTINE'S PRESIDENT CONDUCTED BY ADMIRAL WALKER INSPECTING THE WHITE SQUADRON.

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

THE active part assigned to Admiral Walker's squadron in the Chilian difficulties has been followed by a significant exchange of courtesies with the chief officials of the Argentine Republic. Between Argentine and the United States there has always existed the strongest feeling of mutual good-will; 1776 and 1812 are dates of national importance in both countries, for when we were fighting for independence, Buenos Ayres was created a viceroyalty by Spain, and when the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres made itself independent Argentine, we were fighting our second successful war for sovereign rights. It was natural, therefore, that our squadron of evolution should scarcely arrive in the Rio de la Plata before a cordial invitation was extended through the United States Minister at Buenos Ayres from President Pellegrini to Admiral Walker to visit the Argentine capital with his war ships. To do this was of course impossible so long as the grave prospects of war with Chili kept the squadron in momentary readiness to sail for Valparaiso. But when the cloud had blown over, and after the ships had been put through some weeks of vigorous drill and target practice, arrangements were made to accept the Argentine President's invitation. As the *Chicago* drew too much water to reach Buenos Ayres, the nearest accessible port was Ensenada, about forty miles below that city. From this town a grand canal runs several miles back into the country, and terminates in a large stone dock, where deep-draught vessels lie, and send their passengers and freight by rail to the capital. Up this canal the squadron steamed on the 9th of March, in imposing single file, between pastures filled with cattle, and were finally moored alongside the railroad freight stations, heading seaward, the *Atlanta* ahead of the flag-ship, and the *Bennington* astern of her. Admiral Walker and his staff then visited Buenos Ayres as guests of the President, and on March 17th the visit was returned by the latter and his staff in a special train. At two o'clock in the afternoon the train ran down past the ships, the President standing upon the front platform of his car with bared head, while the yards were manned on each ship and guards paraded at present arms. The train drew up abreast the flag-ship, and the President was received by the Admiral and his staff, in special full-dress uniform, and conducted on board, while the band played the national air of Argentine.

An inspection of the ships followed. The naval officers showed the most perfect familiarity with all our weapons, but the officers of the army examined our Lee magazine-rifle with the greatest interest and admiration. A collation on the flag-ship was enjoyed before the Presidential party took its leave. Permission was obtained from the President to fire a salute upon his departure; so as the train drew away from the squadron, twenty-one guns boomed forth from each ship, and the sound came back in crashing echoes from the limiting sides of the dock, while the Argentine flag floated from each vessel's masthead. Then came faintly the roar of an answering salute from the Argentine men-of-war *Almirante Brown* and *25 de Mayo* outside of the canal, to which the *Chicago* made a final reply of twenty-one guns, and the ceremonies of the day were over.

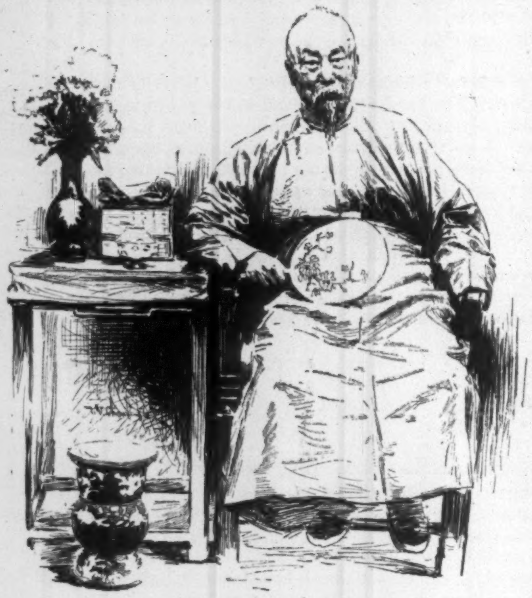
On the 19th of March Governor Costa, of the province of Buenos Ayres, was received with honors by the squadron, and other receptions followed, tending to further cement our friendship with this leading republic of South America.

CHINA AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE new Chinese exclusion bill signed by the President calls fresh attention to the great Asiatic empire, which swarms with 400,000,000 of people. The history of our dealings with those denominated with picturesque coarseness by the late but not lamented Denis Kearney "moon-eyed lepers" is rather a curious study. The Burlingame treaty of 1868 gave to the Chinese, either as residents or as visitors, all the privileges of the most favored nation, placing them on precisely the same footing as Englishmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, etc. In less than one year their number in this country was increased more than three hundred per cent., and the influx was mainly felt, of course, on the Pacific coast. The bitter opposition to the incoming swarm of an alien race crystallized in a conservatism six thousand years old, which no social chemistry could ever solve, speedily grew to be a controlling political force in California, and extended thence to other parts of the country. In 1880 a new treaty, modifying the conditions of immigration, was made. By this it was agreed that the United States should control the coming hither and residence of Chinese laborers, short of actual prohibition, other classes being unaffected in their previous privileges. Two years later Congress passed an act prohibiting further immigration of laborers for ten years, and providing, under the most stringent conditions, for the registry and identification of those already here.

The opposition, however, to the presence of Chinese laborers grew more and more exacting, and in 1888 brought about fresh legislative measures. On March 1st the Senate empowered the President to negotiate a treaty with China, providing that no Chinese laborer should thereafter enter the country, and that the certificates of those who had returned to China should become void. It was understood by official communication that this was also agreeable to the wish of the Chinese government. The latter power refused to sign the treaty, and thereupon the Scott bill was passed and approved on October 1st of that year. This bill, ignoring all question of international agreement, simply made void the certificates of all Chinese laborers who left the country with the purpose of temporary absence. In other words, if such a person left the country, he could not return again. The new law obliges every Chinese laborer legally here to take out a certificate of residence from the Collector of Internal Revenue within one year of the passage of the bill, otherwise he is to be imprisoned and deported.

How this legislation will be received in China, and whether it will inspire any retaliatory measures affecting our interests in the East, it is impossible to conjecture, though it is not probable. In Li Hung-Chang, the most able and influential of Chinese statesmen since Prince Kung's death, this country has a sturdy friend and ally, who has shown in many ways his liking for the great republic of the West. He is the one public man among the Chinese who is able to put himself in the place of the statesmen of the West, and understand the point of view which guides his conduct.

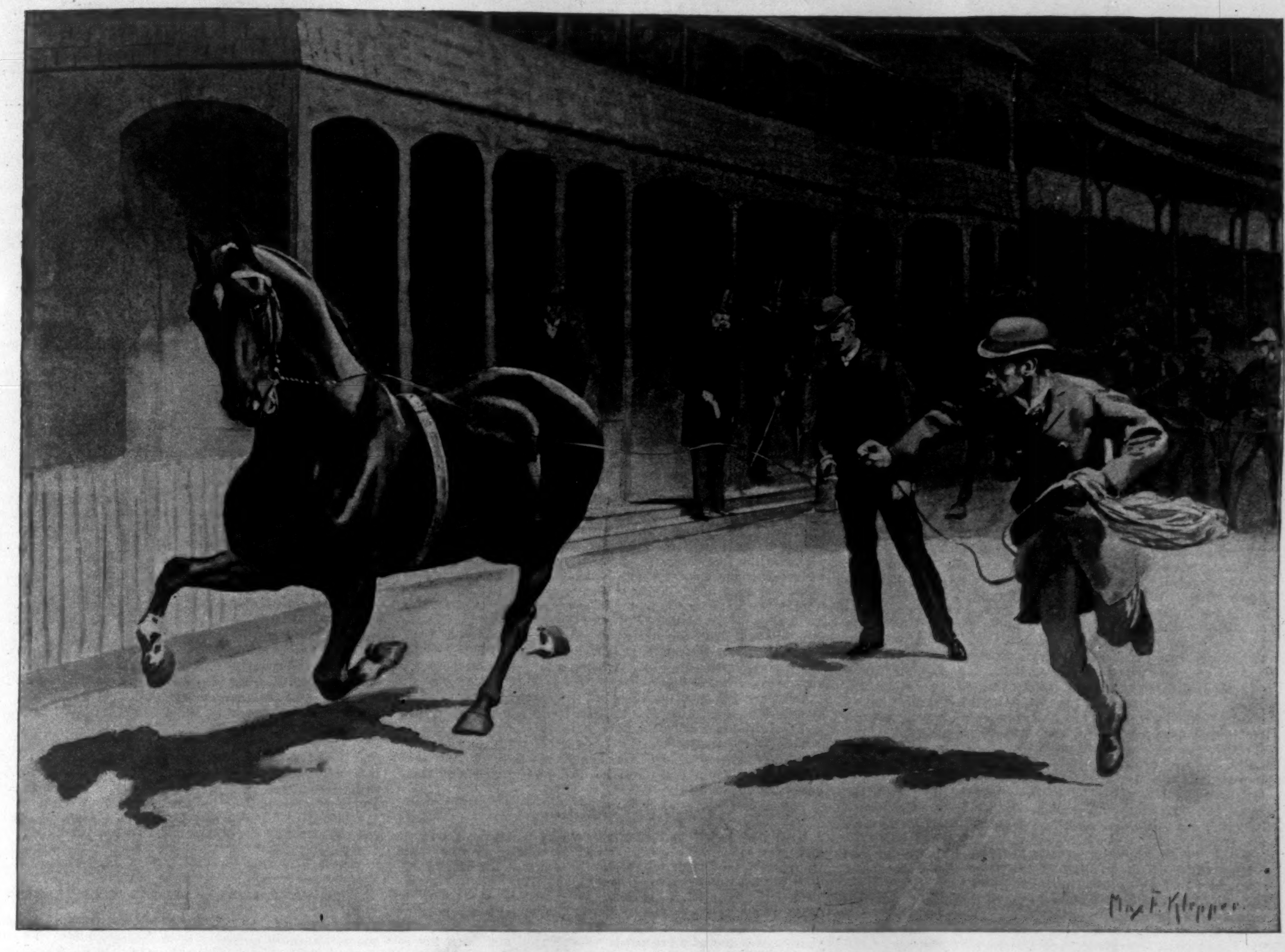


LI HUNG-CHANG

A grand banquet was recently given by Viceroy Li at Gordon Hill in Tientsin, the seaport of the province of Cluh-li, of which he is Governor, to commemorate his seventieth birthday. The guests included all the leading Chinese and foreign officials.

The Viceroy Li rules, with almost absolute power, a province of 30,000,000 of people—the richest, most important, and densely populated of the great satrapies of China. He is, in addition, Grand Secretary of State and Co-President of the Board of Admiralty. He arose from a low beginning, and is emphatically a self-made man. In his younger days he worked up through all the literary examinations by which alone promotion takes place in China, and achieved the foremost honors, until he had taken the highest literary degree conferred. Li Hung-Chang became known to the West first through the part he took in the suppression of the great Tai-Ping rebellion. Possessing statesmanlike and military abilities of the highest, he is the foremost figure in Chinese affairs, and perhaps he is entitled to be regarded among the great statesmen of the world. It is through him that the naval armament and defences of China have been brought to a high degree of efficiency. Railways, telegraphs, and all the other important machinery of Western civilization he is heartily in favor of, and if he makes haste slowly, it is because there is a bitter reluctance in China to place the empire in the hands of foreign money-lenders by negotiating the large loans necessary for a rapid development. The great Viceroy has punished the recent outrages against the missionaries with great severity, and avows his determination to protect them at all hazards. In person he is a magnificent specimen of manhood, six feet four inches in stature, and with the carriage of a born ruler of men.

GORDON HALL, TIENTSIN, IN WHICH THE BANQUET WAS GIVEN.



AT THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW—SHOWING THE HACKNEYS.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 498.]

CAPT'N DAVY'S HONEY-MOON.

By HALL CAINE, Author of "The Deemster," "The Shadow of a Crime," "She's all the World to Me," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"MY money, ma'am—my money, not me."

"So you say, sir."

"It's my money you've been marrying, ma'am."

"Maybe so, sir."

"Deny it! deny it!"

"Why should I? You say it is so, and so be it."

"Then d—— the money! It took me more till ten years to make it, and middling hard work at that; but you go bail it 'll take me less nor ten months to spend it. Ay, or ten weeks, and aisy doing, too! And till it's gone, Mistress Quiggin—d'ye hear me?—gone, every mortal penny of it gone, pitched into the sea, scattered to smithereens, blown to ould Harry, and dang him!—I'll lave ye, ma'am, I'll lave ye; and, sink or swim, I'll darken your doors no more."

The lady and gentleman who blazed at each other with these burning words, which were pointed and driven home by flashing eyes and quivering lips, were newly married husband and wife. They were staying at the old Castle Mona, in Douglas, Isle of Man, and their honey-moon had not yet finished its second quarter. The gentleman was Captain Davy Quiggin, commonly called Capt'n Davy, a typical Manx sea-dog, thirty years of age, stalwart, stout, shaggy, lusty-lunged, with the tongue of a trooper, the heavy manners of a bear, the stubborn head of a stupid donkey, and the big, soft heart of the baby of a girl. The lady was Ellen Kinvig, known of old to all and sundry as Nelly, Ness, or Nell, but now to everybody concerned as Mistress Capt'n Davy Quiggin, six-and-twenty years of age, tall, comely, as blooming as the gorse; once as free as the air, and as racy of the soil as new-cut peat, but suddenly grown stately, smooth, refined, proud, and reserved. They loved each other to the point of idolatry, and yet they parted ten days after marriage with these words of wrath and madness. Something had come between them. What was it? Another man? No. Another woman? Still no. What then? A ghost, an intangible, almost an invisible, but very real and divorce-making co-respondent. They call it Education.

Davy Quiggin was born in a mud house on the shore, near the old church at Ballaugh. The house had one room only, and it had been the living-room, sleeping-room, birth-room, and death-room of a family of six. Davy, who was the youngest, saw them all out. The last to go were his mother and his grandfather. They lay ill at the same time, and died on the one day. The old man died first, and Davy fixed up a herring net in front of him, where he lay on the settle by the fire, so that his mother might not see him from her place on the bed.

Not long after that Davy, who was fifteen years of age, went to live as farm lad with Kinvig, of Ballavolley. Kinvig was a solemn person, very stiff and starchy, and sententious in his way, a mighty man among the Methodists, and a power in the pulpit. He thought he had done an act of charity when he took Davy into his home, and Davy repaid him in due time by falling in love with Nelly, his daughter.

When that happened Davy never quite knew. "That's the way of it," he used to say. "A girl slips in, and there ye are." Nelly was in to a certainty when one night Davy came home late from the club meeting on the street and rapped at the kitchen window. That was the signal of the home circle that some member of it was waiting at the door. Now there are ways and ways of rapping at a kitchen window. There is the pitapat of a light heart, and the thud-thud of a heavy one; and there is the sharp crack-crack of haste, and the dithering que-we-we of fear. Davy had a rap of his own, and Nelly knew it.

There was a sort of a trip and dance and a rum-tum-tum in Davy's rap that always made Nelly's heart and feet leap up at the same instant. But on this unlucky night it was Nelly's mother who heard it and opened the door. What happened then was like the dismal sneck of the outside gate to Davy for ten years thereafter. The porch was dark, and so was the little square lobby behind the door. On numerous other nights that had been an advantage in Davy's eyes, but on this occasion he thought it a snare of the evil one. Seeing something white in a petticoat, he threw his arms about it and kissed and hugged it madly. It struck him at the time as strange that the arms he held did not clout him under the chin, and that the lips he smothered did not catch breath enough to call him a gawby, and whisper that the old people inside were listening. The truth dawned on him in a moment, and then he felt like a man with an eel crawling down his back, and he wanted nothing else for supper.

It was summer-time, and Davy, though a most accomplished sleeper, found no difficulty in wakening himself with the dawn next morning. He was cutting turf in the dubs of the Curragh just then, and he had four hours of pastime, with spells of sober meditation between, before he came up to the house for breakfast. Then, as he rolled in at the porch and stamped the water out of his long-legged boots, he saw at a glance that a thunder-cloud was brewing there. Nelly was busy at the long table before the window, laying the bowls of milk and the deep plates for the porridge. Her print frock was as sweet as the May blossom, her cheeks were nearly as red as the red rose, and, like the rose, her head hung down. She did not look at him as he entered. Neither did Mrs. Kinvig, who was bending over the pot swung from the hook above the fire, and working the porridge stick round and round with unwonted energy. But Kinvig himself made up for both of them. The big man was shaving before a looking-glass propped up on the table, and against the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Clarke's *Commentaries*. His left hand held the point of his nose aside between the tip of his thumb and first finger, while the other swept the razor through a hillock of lather, and revealed a portion of a mouth twisted three-quarters across his face. But the moment he saw Davy he dropped the razor, and looked up with as much dignity as a man could get out of a countenance half covered with soap.

"Come in, sir," said he, with a pretence of great deference. "Mawther," he said, twisting to Mrs. Kinvig, "just wipe down a chair for the gentleman."

Davy slithered into his seat. "I'm in for it," he thought.

"They're telling me," said Kinvig, "that there is a fortune coming at you. Aw, yes, though, and that you're taking notions on a farmer's girl. Respectable man, too—one of the first that's going, with sixty acres at him and more. Amazing thick, they're telling me. Kissing behind the door, and the like of that! The capers! It was only yesterday you came to me with nothing on your back but your father's ould trowis, cut down at the knees."

Nelly slipped out. Her mother made a noise with the porridge-pot. Davy was silent. Kinvig walloped his razor on the strop with terrific vigor, then paused, pointed the handle in Davy's direction, tried to curl up his lip into a withering sneer that was half lost in the lather, and said, with bitter irony:

"My house is too mane for you, sir. You must lave me. It isn't the Isle of Man itself that 'll hould the likes of you."

Then Davy found his tongue. "You're right, sir," said he, leaping to his feet. "It's too poor I am for your daughter, is it? Maybe I'll be a piece richer some day, and then you'll be a taste civiller."

"Behold ye now," said Kinvig, "as bould as a goat! Cut your stick, and quick."

"I'm off, sir," said Davy; and then looking round, and remembering that he was being kicked out like a dog, and would see Nelly no more day by day, the devil took hold of him, and he began to laugh in Kinvig's ridiculous face. "Good-by, ould Sukee," he cried. "I lave you to your texes."

And turning to where Mrs. Kinvig stood with her back to him, he cried again: "Good-by, mawther. Take care of his ould head; it's swelling so much that his chapel hat is putting corns on it."

That night, with his "chiss" of clothes on his shoulders, Davy came down stairs and went out at the porch. There he slipped his burden to the ground, for somebody was waiting to say farewell to him. It was the right petticoat this time, and she was on the right side of the door. The stars were shining overhead, but two that were better than any in the sky were looking into Davy's face, and they were twinkling in tears.

It was only a moment the parting lasted, but a world of love was got into it. Davy had to do penance for the insults he had heaped upon Nelly's father, and in return he got pity for those that had been shovelled upon himself.

"Good-by, Nell," he whispered; "there's thistles in everybody's crop. But no matter! I'll come back, and then it's married we'll be. My goodness! yes; and take Ballacry, and have six bas'es, and ten pigs, and a pony. But, Nelly, will ye wait for me?"

"D'ye doubt me, Davy?"

"No; but will ye, though?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all serene," said Davy; and with another hug and a kiss, and a lock of brown hair, which was cut ready and tied in blue ribbon, he was gone with his chest into the darkness.

Davy sailed in an Irish schooner to the Pacific coast of South America. There he cut his stick again, and got a berth on a coasting steamer trading between Valparaiso and Callao. The climate was unhealthy, the ports were foul, the government was uncertain, the dangers were constant, and the hands above him dropped off rapidly. In two years Davy was skipper, and in three years more he was sailing a steamer of his own. Then the money began to tumble into his chest like crushed oats out of a Crown shaft.

The first hundred pounds he had saved he sent home to Dumbell's bank, because he could not trust it out of the Isle of Man. But the hundreds grew to thousands, and the thousands to tens of thousands, and to send all his savings over the sea as he made them began to be slow work, like supping porridge with a pitchfork. He put much of it away in paper rolls at the bottom of his chest in the cabin, and every roll he put by stood to him for something in the Isle of Man. "That's a new cow-house at Ballavolley." "That's Ballacry." "That's ould Brew's mill at Sulby; he'll be out by this time."

All his dreams were of coming home, and sometimes he wrote letters to Nelly. The writing in them was uncertain, and the spelling was doubtful, but the love was safe enough. And when he had poured out his heart in small "i's" and capital "U's," he always inquired how more material things were faring. "How's the herrings this sayson; and did the men do well with the mack'rel at Kinsale; and is the cow-house new thatched; and how's the chapel going? And is the ould man still playing hang with the texes?"

Kinvig heard of Davy's prosperity, and received the news at first in silence, then with satisfaction, and at length with noisy pride. His boy was a bould fellow. "None o' yer randy-tandy-tissimee-tea tied to the old mawther's apron-strings about *him*. He's coming home rich, and he'll buy half the island over, and make a donation of a harmonia to the chapel, and kick ould Cowley and his fiddle out."

Awaiting that event, Kinvig sent Nelly to England to be educated according to the station she was about to fill. Nelly was four years in Liverpool, but she had as many breaks for visits home. The first time she came she minced her words affectedly, and Kinvig whispered the mother that she was getting "a fine English tongue at her." The second time she came, she plagued everybody out of peace by correcting their "plaze" to "please," and the "mate" to "meat," and the "lave" to "leave." The third time she came, she was silent, and looked ashamed; and the fourth time, it was to meet her sweetheart on his return home after ten years' absence.

Davy came by the *Sneafell* from Liverpool. It was August—the height of the visiting season—and the deck of the steamer was full of tourists. Davy walked through the cobweb of feet and outstretched legs with the face of a man who thought he ought to speak to everybody. Fifty times in the first three hours he went forward to peer through the wind and the glaring sunshine for the first glimpse of the Isle of Man. When at length he saw it, like a gray bird lying on the waters far away, with the sun's light tipping the hill-tops like a feathery crest, he felt so thick about the throat that he took six steerage passengers to the bar below to help him to get rid of his hoarseness. There was a brass band aboard, and during the trip they played all the outlandish airs of Germany; but just as the packet steamed into Douglas Bay, and Davy was watching the land and remembering everything upon it, and shouting "That's Castle Mona!" "There's Fort Ann!" "Yonder is ould St. Matthews!" they struck up "Home, Sweet Home." That was too much for Davy. He dived into his breeches' pockets, gave every German of the troupe five shillings apiece, and then sat down on a coil of rope and blubbered aloud like a baby.

Kinvig had sent a grand landau from Ramsey to fetch Capt'n Davy to Ballaugh; but before the English driver from the Mitre had identified his fare, Davy had recognized an old crony with a high springless country cart—Billiam Balla-neddan, who had come to Douglas to despatch a barrel of salted herrings to his married daughter at Liverpool, and was going back immediately. So Davy tumbled his boxes and bags and other belongings into the landau, piling them mountains high on the cushioned seats, and clambered into the cart himself. Then they set off at a race which should be home first—the cart or the carriage, the luggage or the owner of it; the English driver on his box-seat with his tall hat and starchy cravat, or Billiam twidding his rope reins, and Davy on the plank seat beside him, bobbing and bumping and rattling over the stones like a parched pea on a frying-pan.

That was a tremendous drive for Davy. He shouted when he recognized anything; and as he recognized everything, he shouted throughout the drive. They took the road by old Braddan Church and Union Mills, past St. John's, under the Tynwald Hill, and down Creg Willie's Hill. As he approached Kirk Michael, his excitement was intense. He was nearing home, and he began to know the people. "Lord save us, there's Tommy Bill-beg! How do, Tommy? And there's ould Betty! My gough, she's in yet! How do, mawther? There's little Juan Caine growed up to a man! How do, Johnny, and how's the girls, and how's the ould man, and how's yourself? Goodness me, here's Liza Corlett, and a baby at her— I knew her when she was no more than a babby herself." This last remark to the English driver, who was coming up sedately with his landau at the tail of the springless cart.

"Drive on, Billiam! Come up, ould girl! Just a taste of the whip, Billiam. Do her no harm at all. Bishop's Court! Deary me, the ould house is in the same place still!"

At length the square tower of Ballaugh Church was seen above the trees, with the last rays of the setting sun on its topmost story, and then Davy's eagerness swept down all his patience. He jumped up in the cart at the peril of being flung out, took off his billycock, whirled it round his head, bellowed: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" After that he would have leapt alongside to the ground and run. "Hould hard!" he cried. "I'll bate the best mare that's going." But Billiam pinned him down to the seat with one hand, while he whipped up the horse to a gallop with the other.

They arrived at Ballavolley an hour and a half before they were expected. Mistress Kinvig was washing dishes in a tub on the kitchen table. Kinvig himself was sitting, lame with rheumatism, in the "elber chair" by the ingle. They wiped down a chair for Davy this time.

"And Nelly?" said Davy. "Where's Nelly?"

"She's coming, Capt'n," said Kinvig. "Nelly," he called up the kitchen stairs, with a knowing wink at Davy, "here's a gentleman asking after you."

Davy was dying of impatience. Would she be the same dear old Nell?

"Nell—Nelly," he shouted, "I've kep' my word."

"Aw, give her time, Capt'n," said Kinvig; "a new frock isn't rigged up in no time, not to spake of a silk handkercher going pinning round your throat."

But Davy, who had waited ten years, would not wait a minute longer, and he was making for the stairs with the purpose of invading Nell's own bedroom, when the lady herself came sweeping down on tiptoes. Davy saw her coming in a cloud of silk, and at the next moment the slippery stuff was crumbling and whisking and creaking under his hands, for his arms were full of it.

"Aw, mawther!" said he; "they're like honeysuckles. Don't spake to me for a week. Many's the time I've been lying in my bunk a-twigging the rats squeaking and coorting overhead, and thinking to myself kisses is skess with you now, Davy."

The wedding came off in a week. There were terrific rejoicings. The party returned from church in the landau that brought up Davy's luggage. At the bridge six strapping fellows, headed by the blacksmith, and surrounded by a troop of women and children, stretched a rope across the road, and would not let the horses pass until the bridegroom had paid the toll. Davy had prepared himself in advance with two pounds in sixpenny bits, which made his trousers pockets stand out like a couple of cannon-balls. He fired those balls, and they broke in the air like shells.

At the wedding breakfast in the barn at Ballavolley Davy made a speech. It was a sermon to young fellows on the subject of sweethearts. "Don't you marry for land," said he. "It's muck," said he. "What d'ye say, Billiam—you'd like more of it? I wouldn't trust; but it's spaking the truth I am for all. Maybe you think about some dirty ould trouss: 'She's a warm girl; she's got nice things at her—bas'es and pigs and the like of that.' But don't, if you're not a reg'lar blundering blockit." Then, looking down at the top of Nelly's head, where she sat with her eyes in her lap beside him, he softened down to sentiment, and said: "Marry for love, boys; stick to the girl that's good, and then, go where you will, she'll be the star above that you'll sail your bark by; and if you stay at home (and there's no place like it), her parting kiss at midnight will be helping you through your work all next day."

The "parting kiss at midnight" brought Davy's oration to a close, for a tug at his coat tails on Nelly's side fetched him suddenly to his seat.

Two hours afterwards the landau was rolling away towards the Castle Mona Hotel at Douglas, where, by Nell's arrangement, Capt'n Davy and his bride were to spend their honey-moon.

CHAPTER II.

Now it so befell that on the very day when Capt'n Davy and Mrs. Quiggin quarrelled and separated, two of their friends were, by their urgent invitation, crossing from England to visit them. Davy's friend was Jonathan Lovibond, an Englishman whose acquaintance he had made on the coast. Mrs. Quiggin's was Jenny Crow, a young lady of lively manners, whom she had annexed during her four years' residence at Liverpool. These two had been lovers five years before, had quarrelled and parted on the eve of the time appointed for their marriage, and had not since set eyes on each other. They met for the first time afterwards on the steamer that was taking them to the Isle of Man, and neither knew the destination of the other.

Miss Crow looked out of her twinkling eyes, and saw a gentleman promenading on the quarter-deck before her whom she must have thought she had somewhere seen before, but that his gigantic black mustache was a puzzle, and the little imperial on his chin was a baffling difficulty. Mr. Lovibond puffed the smoke from a colossal cigar, and wondered if the world held two pairs of eyes like those big black ones which glanced up at him, sometimes from a deck stool, a puffy pile of wool, two long crochet needles, and a couple of white hands from which there flashed a diamond ring he somehow thought he knew.

These mutual meditations lasted two long hours, and then a runaway ball of wool from the lap of the lady on the deck stool was hotly pursued by the gentleman with the mustache, and instantly all uncertainty was at an end. After exclamations of surprise at the strange recognition (it was all so sudden), the two old friends came to closer quarters. They touched gingerly on the past, had some tender passages of delicate fencing, gave various sly hits and digs, threw out certain subtle hints, and came to a mutual and satisfactory understanding. Neither had ever looked at anybody else since their rupture, and therefore both were still unmarried.

Having reached this stage of investigation, the wool and its needles were stowed away in a basket under the chair, in order that the lady might accept the invitation of the gentleman to walk with him on the deck; and as the wind had freshened by this time, and walking in skirts was like tacking in a stiff breeze, the gentleman offered his arm to the lady, and thus they sailed forth together.

"And with whom are you to stay when we reach the island, Jenny?" said Lovibond.

"With a young Manx friend lately married," said Jenny.

"That's strange, for I am going to do the same," said Lovibond. "Where?"

"At Castle Mona," said Jenny.

"That's stranger still, for it's the place to which I am going," said Lovibond. "What's your Manx friend's name?"

"Mrs. Quiggin now," said Jenny.

"That's strangest of all," said Lovibond, "for my friend is Captain Quiggin, and we are bound for the same place, on the same errand."

This series of coincidences thawed down the remaining frost between the pair, and they exchanged mutual confidences. They had gone so far as to promise themselves a fortnight's further enjoyment of each other's society, when their arrival at Douglas put a sudden end to their anticipations.

Two carriages were waiting for them on the pier—one, with a maid inside, was to take Jenny to Castle Mona; the other, with a boy, was to take Lovibond to Fort Ann.

The maid was Peggy Quine, seventeen years of age, of dark complexion, nearly as round as a dolly-tub, and of deadly earnest temperament. When Jenny found herself face to face and alone with this person, she lost no time in asking how it came to pass that Mrs. Quiggin was at Castle Mona, while her husband was at Fort Ann.

"They've parted, ma'am," said Peggy.

"Parted!" shrieked Jenny above the rattle of the carriage glass.

"Ah, yes, ma'am," Peggy stammered; "cruel, ma'am, right cruel, cruel extraordinary. It's a wonder the Capt'n doesn't think shame of his conduck. The poor misthress! She's clane heart-broken. It's a mercy to me she didn't clout him."

In two minutes more Jenny was in Mrs. Quiggin's room at Castle Mona, crying, "Gracious, me Ellen! what is this your maid tells me?"

Nelly had been eating out her heart in silence all day long, and now the flood of her pride and wrath burst out, and she poured her wrongs upon Jenny as fiercely as if that lady stood for the transgressions of her husband.

"He reproached me with my poverty," she cried.

"What!"

"Well, he told me I had only married him for his money; there's not much difference."

"And what did you say?" said Jenny.

"Say! What could I say? What would any woman say who had any respect for herself?"

"But how did he come to accuse you of marrying him for his money? Had you asked him for any?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Perhaps you hadn't loved him enough?"

"Not that either—that I know of."

"Then why did he say it?"

"Just because I wanted him to respect himself, and have some respect for his wife, too, and behave as a gentleman, and not as a raw Manx rabbit from the Calf."

Jenny gave a look of amused intelligence, and said: "Oh! oh! I see; I see! Well, let me take off my bonnet, at all events."

While this was being done in the bedroom, Nelly, who was furtively wiping her eyes, continued the recital of her wrongs. "Would you believe it, Jenny, the first thing he did when we arrived here after the wedding was to shake hands with the hall porter and the boots who took our luggage, and ask after their sisters and their mothers and their sweethearts; the man knew them all. And when he heard from his boy, Willie Quarrie, that the cook was a person from Michael, it was as much as I could do to keep him from tearing down to the kitchen to talk about old times."

"Yes, I see," said Jenny; "he has made a fortune, but he is just the same simple Manx lad that he was ten years ago."

"Just! Just! We can't go out for a walk together, but he shouts, 'How do? Fine day, mates!' to the drivers of the hackney cabs across the promenade. And the joy of his life is to get up at seven in the morning and go down to the quay before breakfast to keep tally with a chalk for the fishermen counting their herrings out of the boats into the barrels."

"Not a bit changed, then, since he went away?" said Jenny, before the glass.

"Not a bit. And because I asked him to know his place, and if he is a gentleman to behave as a gentleman and speak as a gentleman, and not make so easy with such as don't respect him any the better for it, he turns on me, and tells me I've only married him for his money."

"Dreadful!" said Jenny, fixing her fringe. "And is this the old sweetheart you have waited ten years for?"

"Indeed it is."

"And now that he has come back, and you've married him, he has parted from you in ten days?"

"Yes. And it will be the talk of the island, indeed it will."

"Shocking! And so he has left you here on your honeymoon without a penny to bless yourself?"

"Oh, for the matter of that, he fixed something on me before the wedding—a jointure, the advocates called it."

"Terrible! Let me see. He's the one who sent you presents from America?"

"Oh, he piled presents enough on me. It's the way of the men. The stingiest will do that. They like to think they're such generous creatures. But let a poor woman count on it, and she'll soon be wakened from her dream: 'You married me for my money. Deny it!'"

"Fearful!"

Jenny was leaning her forehead against the window-sash, and looking vacantly out on the bay. Nelly observed her a moment, stopped suddenly in the tale of her troubles, and said, in another voice:

"Jenny Crow, I believe you are laughing at me. It's always the way with you. You can take nothing seriously."

Jenny turned back to the room with a solemn face, and said, "Nelly, if you waited ten years for your husband, I suppose that he waited ten years for you?"

"I suppose he did."

"And if he is the same man as he was when he went away, I suppose his love is the same?"

"Then how *could* he say such things?"

"And if he is the same, and his love is the same, isn't it possible that somebody else is different?"

"Now, Jenny Crow, you are going to say it's all my fault."

"Not all, Nelly. Something has come between you."

"It's the money. Oh, Jenny, if you ever marry, marry a poor man, and then he can't fling it in your face that you are poorer than he."

"No; it can't be the money, Nelly, for the money is his, and yet it hasn't changed him. And, Nelly, isn't it a good thing in a rich man not to turn his back on his old poor comrades; not to think because he has been in the sun that people are black who are only in the shade; not to pretend to have altered his skin because his coat has changed—isn't it?"

"I see what you mean. You mean that I've driven my husband away with my bad temper."

"No; not that. But, Nelly, dear old Nell, think what you're doing. Take warning from one who once made shipwreck of her own life. Think no man common who loves you, no matter what his ways are, or his manners, or his speech. Love makes the true nobility. It ennobles him who loves you, and you who are beloved. Cling to it, prize it, do not throw it away. Money cannot buy it, nor fame nor rank atone for it. When a woman is loved, she is a queen, and he who loves her is her king."

Mrs. Quiggin was weeping behind her hands by this time, but she lifted swollen eyes to say: "I see. You would have me go to him and submit, and explain, and beg his pardon. 'Dear David, I didn't marry you for your money—' No," leaping to her feet, "I'll scrub my fingers to the bone first."

"But, Nelly—"

"Say no more, Jenny Crow. We're hot-headed people, both of us, and we'll quarrel."

Then Jenny's solemn manner was gone in an instant. She snapped her fingers, kicked up one leg a little more, and said, lightly: "Very well. And now let us have some dinner."

Meantime Lovibond was hearing the other side of the story from Captain Davy at Fort Ann. On the way there he had heard of the separation from the boy, Willie Quarrie, a lugubrious Manx lad, eighteen years old, with a face as white as a haddock and as grim as a gannet.

"Aw, terr'ble doings, sir—terr'ble, terr'ble!" moaned Willie. "Young Mistress Quiggin ateing her heart out at Castle Mona, and Captain Davy hisself at Fort Ann over, drinking and tearing and carrying on till all's blue."

Lovibond found Captain Davy in the smoke-room, with a face as hard as a frozen turnip, one leg over the arm of an elbow chair, a church-warden pipe in his mouth, a gigantic glass of brandy and soda before him, and an admiring circle of the laziest riffraff of the town about him. As soon as they were alone he said,

"But what's this that your boy tells me, Captain?"

"I'm foundered," said Davy, "broke, wrecked, the screw of my tide's gone twisting on the rocks. I'm done, mate—I'm done."

Then he proceeded to recite the incidents of the quarrel, coloring them by the light of the numerous glasses with which he had covered his brain since morning.

"'You've married me for my money,' says I. 'What else?' said she. 'Then d—— the money,' says I; 'I'll lave you till it's gone.' 'Do it and welcome,' says she; and I'm doing it, bad cess to it! I'm doing it. But stop this jaw. I swore to myself I wouldn't spake of it to any man living. What d'ye drink? I've took to the brandy swig myself. Join in. Mate!" (this in a voice of thunder to the waiter at the end of the adjoining room), "brandy for the gentleman."

Lovibond waited a moment, and then said, quietly, "But whatever made you give her an ungenerous stab like that, Captain?"

Davy looked up curiously, and answered: "That's just what I've tooken six big drinks to find out. But no use at all, and what's left to do?"

"Why, take it back," said Lovibond.

"No; daug my buttons if I will!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause it's true."

Lovibond waited again, and then said, in another voice, "And is this the little girl you used to tell of out yonder on the coast—Nessy, Nelly, Nell—what was it?"

Davy's eyes began to fill, but his mouth remained firm. He cleared his throat noisily, shook the dust out of his pipe on to the heel of his boot, and said: "No—yes—no— Well, it is and it isn't. It's Nelly Kinvig, that's sarten sure. But the juice of the woman's sowl's dried up."

"The little thing that used to know your rap at the kitchen window, and come tripping out like a bird chirping in the night, and go linking down the lane with you in the starlight?"

Davy broke the shaft of his church-warden into small lengths, and flung the pieces out at the open window, and said, "I dar'n't say no."

"The one that stuck to you like wax when her father gave you the great bounce out, eh?"

Davy wriggled and spat, and then muttered, "You go bail!"

"You have known her since you were children, haven't you?"

Davy's hard face thawed suddenly, and he said: "Ay, since she wore petticoats up to her knees, and I was a boy in a jacket, and we played hop-scotch in the haggard, and double-my-duck agen the cow-house gable. Aw dear! aw dear! The sweet little thing she was then, anyway! Yellow hair at her, and eyes like the sea, and a voice same as the throstle! Well, well, to think—to think! Playing in the gorse and the ling together, and the daisies and the buttercups; and then the curlews whistling, and the river singing like music, and the bees a-humoning—aw, terr'ble sweet and nice! And me going barefoot, and her barelegged, and divil a hat at the one of us! Aw, deary me! deary me! Wasn't much starch at her in them ould days, mate!"

"Is there now, Captain?"

"Now? D'ye say *now?* My goodness! It's always hemming and humming, and a heise of the neck, and her head up like a Cochen-China, with a topknot, and 'How d'ye do?' and cetererar and cetererar. Aw, smooth as an ould threepenny bit—smooth astonishing! And partic'lar! My gough! You couldn't call Tom to a cat afore her, but she'd be agate of you to make it Thomas."

Lovibond smiled behind his big mustache.

"The rael ould Manx isn't good enough for her now. Well, I wasn't objecting, not me. She's got the English tongue at her—that's all right. Only I'll stick to what I'm used of. Job's patience went at last, and so did mine, and I aren't much of a Job neither."

"And what has made all this difference?" said Lovibond.

"Why, the money, of coorse. It was the money that done it, bad cess to it!" said Davy, pitching the head of his pipe after the shank. "I went out yonder to get it, and I got it. Middling hard work, too, but no matter. It was to be all for her. 'I'll come back, Nelly,' says I, 'and we'll take Ballacry and have six craythurs and a pony, and keep a girl to do for you, and you'll take your aise—only milking, maybe, or churning, but nothing to do no harm.' I was ten years getting it, and I never took notions on no other girls neither. 'No, honor bright!' thinks I, 'Nelly's waiting for you, Davy.' Always draeming of her, 'cept when them lazy black chaps wanted leathering, and that's a job that isn't nothing without a bit of swearing at whiles. But at night, aw, at night, mate, lying out on the deck in that heat like the miller's kiln, and shelling your clothes piece by piece same as a bushel of oats, and looking up at the stars a-twinkling in the sky, and spotting one of them, and saying to yourself, quiet-like, so as them niggers won't hear, 'That's star is a-twinkling over Nelly, too, and maybe she's watching it now.' It seemed as if we wasn't so far apart then. Somehow it made the world a taste smaller. 'Shine on, my beauty,' thinks I, 'shine down straight into Nelly's room, and if she's awake tell her I'm coming, and if she's asleep just make her draem that I'm loving nobody else till her.' But, chut! It was myself that was draeming. Drink up! She married me for my money, so I'm making it fly."

"And when it's gone—what then?" said Lovibond. "Will you go back to her?"

"Maybe so; maybe no."

"Will anything be the better because the money's spent?"

"God knows!"

"Will she be as sweet and good as she once was when you are as poor as you were?"

Davy heaved up to his feet. "What's the use of thinking of the like of that?" he cried. "My money's mine. I baked for it out in that oven. Now I'm spending it, and what for shouldn't I? Here goes—healths apiece!"

Next day Lovibond and Jenny Crow met on the pier. There they pondered the ticklish situation of their friends, and every word they said on it was pointed and punctuated by a sense of their own relations.

"It's plain that the good fools love each other," said Jenny.

"Quite plain," said Lovibond.

"Heigho! It's mad work being angry with somebody you are dying to love," said Jenny.

"Colney Hatch is nothing to it," said Lovibond.

"Smaller things have parted people for years," said Jenny.

"Yes; five years," said Lovibond.

"The longer apart, the wider the breach, and the harder to cover it," said Jenny.

"Just so," said Lovibond.

"They must meet. Of course they'll fight like cat and dog, but better that than this separation. Time leaves bigger scars than claws ever made. Now, couldn't we bring them together?"

"Just what I was thinking," said Lovibond.

"I'm sure he must be a dear, simple soul, though I've never set eyes on him," said Jenny.

"And I'm certain she must be as sweet as an angel, though I've never seen her," said Lovibond.

Jenny shot a jealous glance at her companion, then cracked two fingers, and said, eagerly: "There you are—there's the idea in a cockle-shell. Now *if each could see the other through other eyes!*"

"The very thing!" said Lovibond.

"Then why don't you give me your arm at once, and let me think it over?" said Jenny.

In less than an hour these two wise heads had devised a scheme to bring Capt'n Davy and his bride together. What that scheme was and how it worked let those who read discover.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COMPOSER OF "FAUST."

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

SCORES of musicians—English, German, French, Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Russian—have written music on or for Goethe's *Faust;* but to the world in general for a generation of time there has been but one composer of *Faust*, the Frenchman Charles François Gounod. The circumstance is only a little more singular than the other that Gounod has written no other opera that enjoys a tithe of the popularity which *Faust* won at its first production in 1859, and has maintained without loss ever since. It is a little more singular for the reason that though there have been many creative artists who put their all in a single work, there are not so many who drew their inspiration for their masterpiece from a literature foreign to theirs in language and spirit. The vitality of *Faust* was again forced upon the attention of all observers of music history by the incidents of the last Metropolitan season in New York. Here it accomplished the work for the management which for several years had been performed by the lyric dramas of Wagner—it saved the season from financial shipwreck. Were it not that a spirit of liberality has been inculcated by the cosmopolitanism of German opera, the circumstance might have seemed doubly humiliating to the opera patrons of German birth.

A German, not a Frenchman, ought to have written the enduring *Faust* opera. That he did not must be set down either to the credit or the debit of the German character, as one chooses to think in the premises.

Gounod's *Faust* would never have been possible had he and his librettists felt the reverence for Goethe which the Germans feel. This reverence was set on the highest ideal that can present itself to the German musician—the composition of incidental music to Goethe's dramatic poem. That ideal haunted the mind of Beethoven in his declining years, when he was too full of his last symphony, quartets, and sonatas to permit him to undertake the commission which Breitkopf and Härtel offered him. It found a realization in part when Schumann set his *Scenes from Goethe's Faust*, portions of which are almost ineffable in their beauty. It hovered before the youthful Wagner when he was struggling for a livelihood in Paris. It has never deserted, and probably never will desert, the Teutonic imagination. Gounod's opera has always been a piece of artistic sacrilege. The Germans could never despoil their literary masterpiece for the sake of getting out of it the story of intrigue which sufficed the French authors, and so they have never forgiven either Gounod or his lovely score. Their knowledge that Shakespeare and Racine have fared no better than Goethe at the hands of conscienceless French librettists has no balm in it; they do not love Shakespeare and Racine as they do Goethe. But they could not close their ears to the exquisite loveliness of Gounod's Garden Scene, or shut the doors of their emotions to the passionate ecstasy which breathes through the love music. And while condemning the transformation which their beloved Gretchen has had to undergo, and smiling at the metamorphosis of Goethe's somewhat rude maiden into the ethereal creature which is the joint product of Gounod, Ary Scheffer, and Madame Carvalho, some of them have even been obliged to admit that the French Marguerite stands a little higher in the ethical scale than the German Gretchen.

But if the Germans are grieved by the contemplation of the librettos of *Faust* and *Mignon*, they have no cause to do aught but admire the composer of the former opera. No foreign composer has paid a lovelier tribute to Mozart than Gounod in his little book on *Don Giovanni*, and none has been more faithful in spirit to his German models—Mozart, Weber, and Wagner. There has been nothing violently revolutionary in the influence of Gounod in his own country, but in all things he has stood for the true, the beautiful, and the good. He has helped Wagner break down the barriers of artificial and unnatural forms in opera, and though he has never been privileged to enjoy a second success like that achieved in 1859 with *Faust*, he has seen his example followed by those who have shared the national stage with him. He has been harshly judged; but even his severest critic, the irascible Von Bülow himself, who divides all opera composers into two classes—"I., Those who add to the repertory of the barrel organ; and II., Those who borrow from the repertory of the barrel organ"—has been obliged to yield to him a place in the first class. It is a significant fact, apropos of Von Bülow's opinion of Gounod, that the opera which Von Bülow puts down as the finest of Gounod's creations is a version of Molière's comedy *Le Médecin malgré lui*, which Gounod composed while he had *Faust* in hand, and while Director Carvalho was hesitating to produce the latter opera because a farce on the same subject was occupying the stage of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin.

Gounod's life is drawing to a tranquil and beautiful close. He lives in the winter in his fine hôtel in the Place Malesherbes, Paris; his summers are spent in the country near by, generally at Versailles. Portraits on the walls of his home, painted by his father, serve to remind him of some of his earliest artistic associations, and a magnificent music-room, containing a fine organ, enables him to indulge the tendency toward religious mysticism, which has never left him, in spite of his worldly successes. He is now seventy-four years old, and has been sufficiently warned by disease to convince him that his duty toward himself, his art, and those who love him requires him to avoid work. He has said that he will not undertake another composition of magnitude.

The retrospect of his life in which he is privileged to indulge is disturbed by few shadows. He chose his profession for love of it, and while he always felt a strong inclination toward the church, he has been able to delight his conscience by devoting a large share of his time to the composition of church music. As a *pensionnaire* of the Institute, he spent two delightful years in Rome, and visited the chief cities of Germany on his way back to Paris. He was admired in the Mendelssohn household as a young man of twenty-five, and there probably imbibed that love for the oratorio form to which he paid tribute a few years ago in the composition of *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*. He began his operatic career with *Sappho* in 1851 at the Grand Opéra, but won his greenest laurels with *Faust* at the Théâtre Lyrique, for which institution his second-best work, *Roméo et Juliette*, was also written. Its first performance took place on April 27, 1867. His oratorios were composed for the choral festivals in Birmingham, England—*The Redemption* in 1882, *Mors et Vita* in 1885.

ROMANCES SANS PAROLES.

THE rain beats down, and through the trees the wind
Breathes a soft threnody,
While peaceful thoughts bestir my mind
That I would sing to thee.

The noon-time of a perfect summer day—
When all the world is still,
Save for a forest songster's lay
And murmur of the rill.

The twilight of a day in early fall—
When in the massing gloom
Sweet hopes arise and shadows tall
Steal through the fire-lit room.

Such are the thoughts—but mine no master's hand,
Mere words would not atone,
These things all may not understand
Save those who dream alone.

These thoughts of peace none but a master may
Interpret in their might—
An "amen" breathed from lips that pray,
A beacon in the night.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

"SCOLOPAX WILSONII."

THE American or Wilson's snipe, commonly called "English snipe," is a great favorite with both sportsmen and epicures, and Mr. Frost's excellent illustration gives a very good idea of the manner in which it is followed and killed. When people first came to this country they naturally named our birds and animals after those they were familiar with at home, and so it came about that our snipe was called the English snipe, though it is a distinct variety—just as our thrush is called a robin and our little hares rabbits, etc. For the information of those interested in giving our game their correct names, I wish to state that there are no wild rabbits in this country; neither are there wild pheasants.

The American snipe breed mostly in the far North, though it is said that a few scattering birds nest in the lowlands along our rivers and lakes even as far south as Virginia. The female, which can only be distinguished from the male by its being a little larger, lays four eggs, and when they appear on our marshes in April the eggs are well developed. The new game-laws prohibit the shooting of these birds after the 1st of January and before the 1st of September in the State of New York—a very wise provision, and one of the few redeeming features of the new bill.

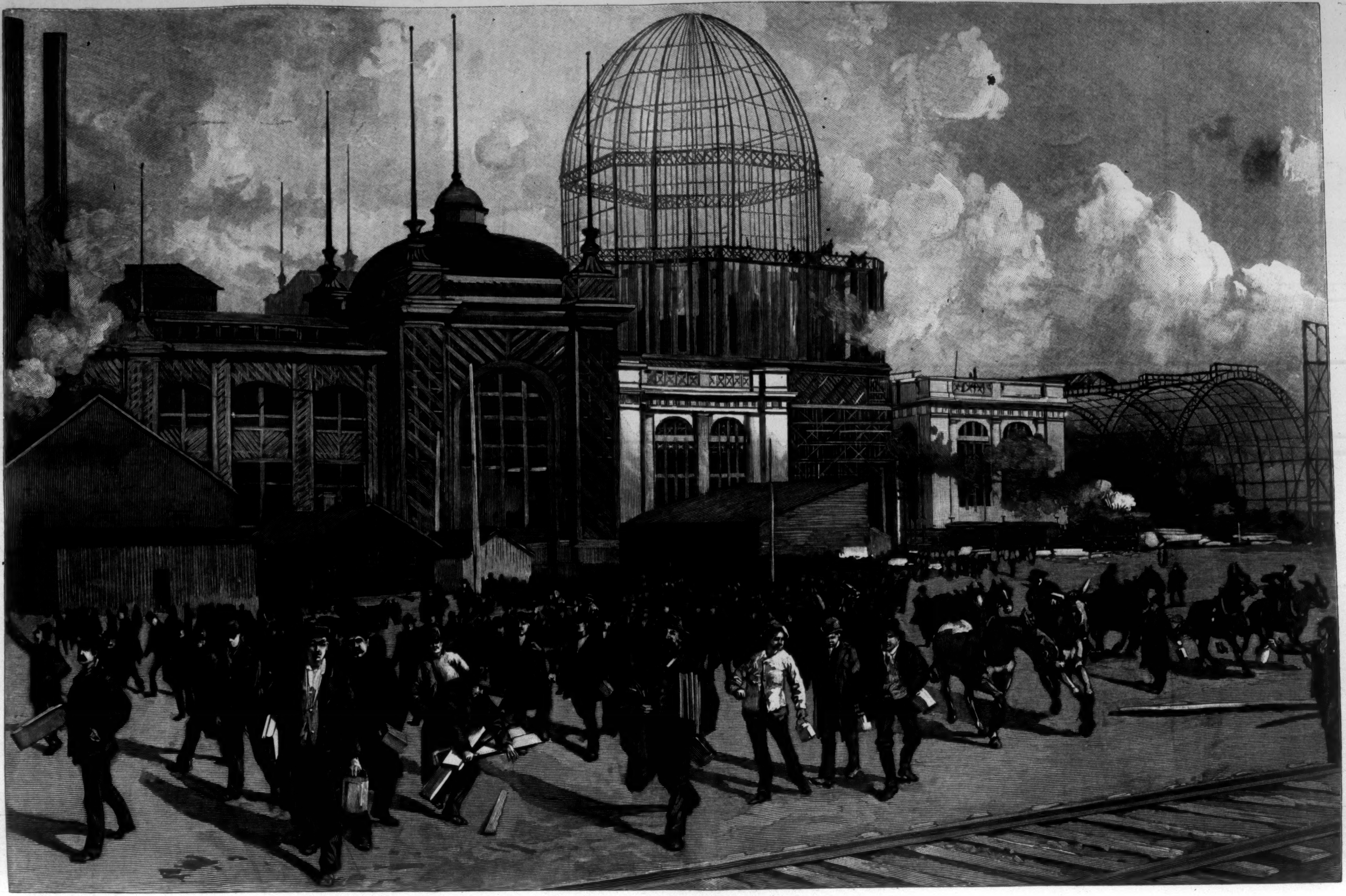
The snipe return from their Northern migration about the last of September, and linger on the marshes along our rivers and creeks until the hard frosts of November send them to the lowlands of the South. They are hardy little birds, and I have found them on the wet meadows along the York River, Virginia, when there was quite a little ice in the ditches. In the fall they scatter all over the country, but in the spring they seem to prefer the salt-marshes along the rivers nearer the coast. When pairing, the male bird has a peculiar habit of drumming. They rise to a great height in the air, then let themselves drop, and the air whistling through their quill feathers gives out a peculiar humming sound that can be heard for quite a distance. Sometimes there will be half a dozen in the air at once going through this interesting performance.

When flushed by the sportsman they utter a short harsh note resembling the word "scaipe," and they are by no means easy birds to kill, as they fly with a bewildering twisting motion for the first fifteen or twenty yards before settling down to a steady flight. In old times, when single-barrel flint-locks were in use, it is said that the sportsman would stop to take a pinch of snuff before firing, but in the present rapid age of hammerless breech-loaders they are generally killed before they have a chance to indulge in their twisting flight.

This bird has another peculiar habit of always rising up wind; the wise sportsman takes advantage of this and hunts snipe down wind, contrary to his usual habit when shooting feathered game. As the walking is generally very bad on snipe grounds, it is better to use a light gun; the sportsman will find before many hours' tramping that he has all he can attend to in carrying himself, without counting his guns and shells. No. 10 shot is large enough, as they are not hard birds to bring down when hit. Long rubber boots are necessary for this kind of sport, and the dogs must be under good control, yet fairly wide rangers. In old times snipe fairly swarmed on their favorite feeding-grounds, and a bag of thirty or forty couple was not unusual; but now, owing to the march of improvements and increased number of sportsmen, they are becoming very scarce in the Eastern States, and a bag of a dozen is considered quite satisfactory.

On the table the American snipe is most excellent if properly roasted and served hot. They should be carefully picked and singed and only partially drawn, taking out only the sand-bag and large duct. Of course the head must be left on, as the brain is a great tidbit. It is almost impossible to obtain good snipe in the markets, and poor ones are about the poorest of all birds. It is a well-known fact that all varieties of the snipe family do not keep well, but soon turn rank and oily, yet most of the birds offered in our markets have been kept for months in the freezing-houses, and taste more like fish oil when cooked than like the delicate, juicy, tender snipe when freshly killed. Unfortunately, the majority of people eat game because it is the style, and not because they really like it. Otherwise they would not put up with the stale, half-tainted trash that is sold under the head of game.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

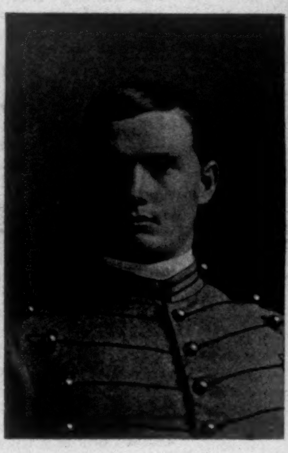


THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—QUITTING-HOUR AT JACKSON PARK.—DRAWN BY GRAHAM AND WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 498.]

THE ATHLETIC DEVELOPMENT AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS.

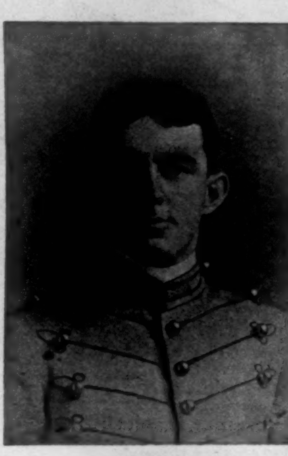
BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY R. F. ZOGBAUM, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

P. W. DAVISON, U. S. M. A., '92.
Half Back.



F. W. SMITH, U. S. M. A., '95.
Right Tackle.

E. W. CLARK, U. S. M. A., '93.
Captain and Right Guard '92.



D. M. MICHIE, U. S. M. A., '92.
Captain and Full Back '91.

D. E. AULTMAN, U. S. M. A., '93.
Left Tackle.

IF there is any class of men in the United States for whom the legend *mens sana in corpore sano* has a particular and important significance, it is the officers of our army and navy.

We are all bread-winners in this work-a-day world of ours; some of us depend on our muscle; some of us, alack-a-day! trust to our brains; but none of us is called upon to put both qualities to the test in our chosen profession. A sound mind in a sound body is indeed a blessing, and one which every man should strive earnestly to obtain, but to the officer whose mind must always be clear to direct muscles ever ready for action, it is an absolute essential.

How many men who glance over what I am here setting down with the aid of the midnight oil have the proper conception or will take time to seriously consider the highest interpretation of a sound mind in a sound body?

We are an easily satisfied people as we rush through our existence from day to day, accepting the shadow for the substance. We continue to fill hotels having no adequate means of escape in case of fire, and jostle one another for an opportunity of offering up our maimed bodies as a sacrifice to the parsimony and indifference of railroad corporations. The promptings of yesterday are unheard amid the turmoils of to-day; to-morrow promises well, perhaps, and life is too short to spend a single hour in moralizing.

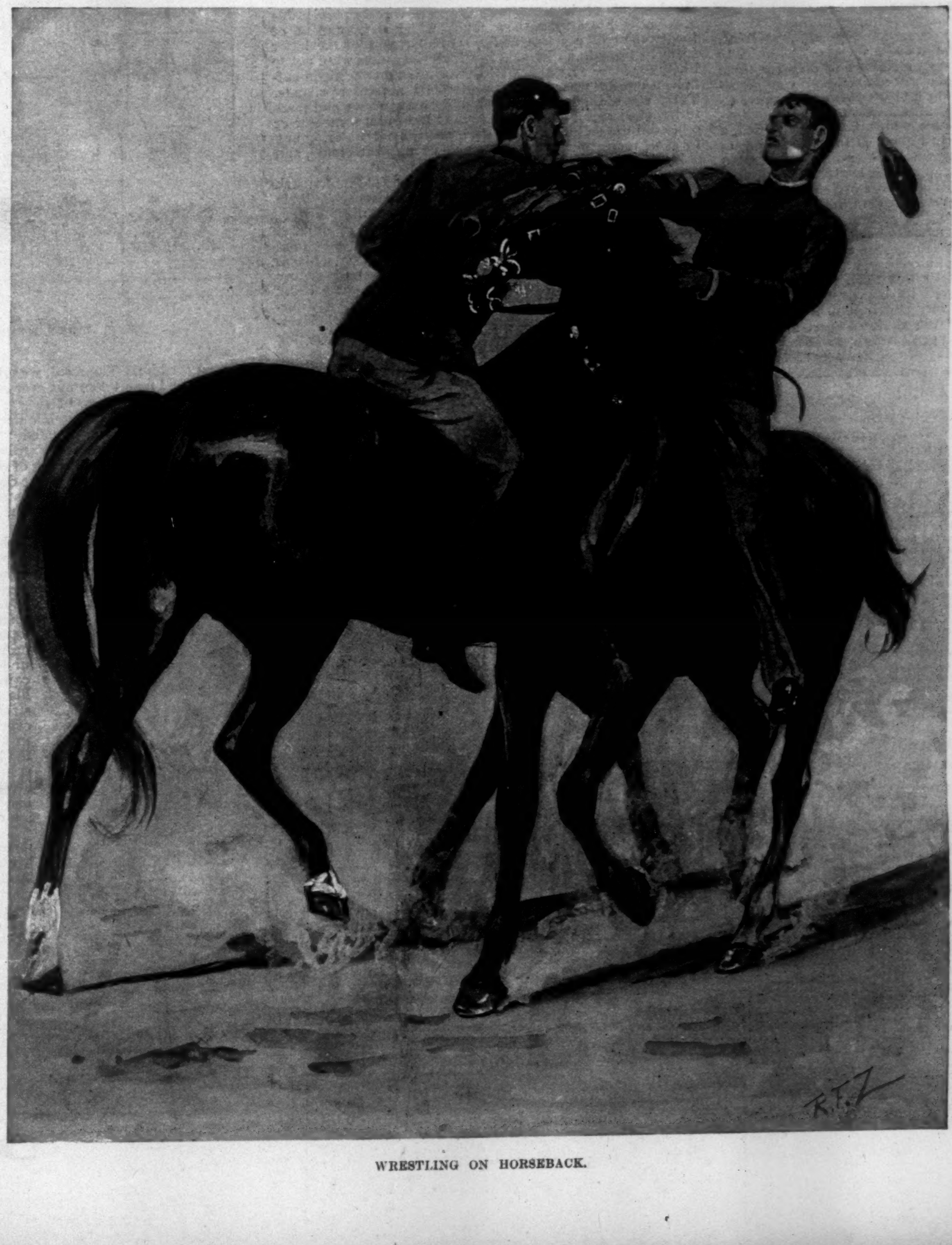
So it is with our physical being; as long as we keep on our feet, and our ills give us no greater concern than a passing inconvenience, we respond to roll-call and fall into ranks for our daily duties.

But a sound mind in a sound body is quite a different matter to mere freedom from sickness, and it is on this point I shall dwell at greater length further along. It is not enough that a man has developed his muscles, whether from work in the gymnasium, at football, or with the pick and shovel. The sound body does not invariably give the sound mind. On the contrary, the mind may so weary by the very monotony of the work performed by the body that it will lose all interest in its functions, and so react on the body that it will be injured rather than benefited by a continuance of the obnoxious exercise. This is purely a physiological fact, and requires no substantiation here. As it is around this point, however, I hope to turn an argument on the benefits to be derived from athletics by the cadets at the national academies, I hope those who read it here will digest it thoroughly.

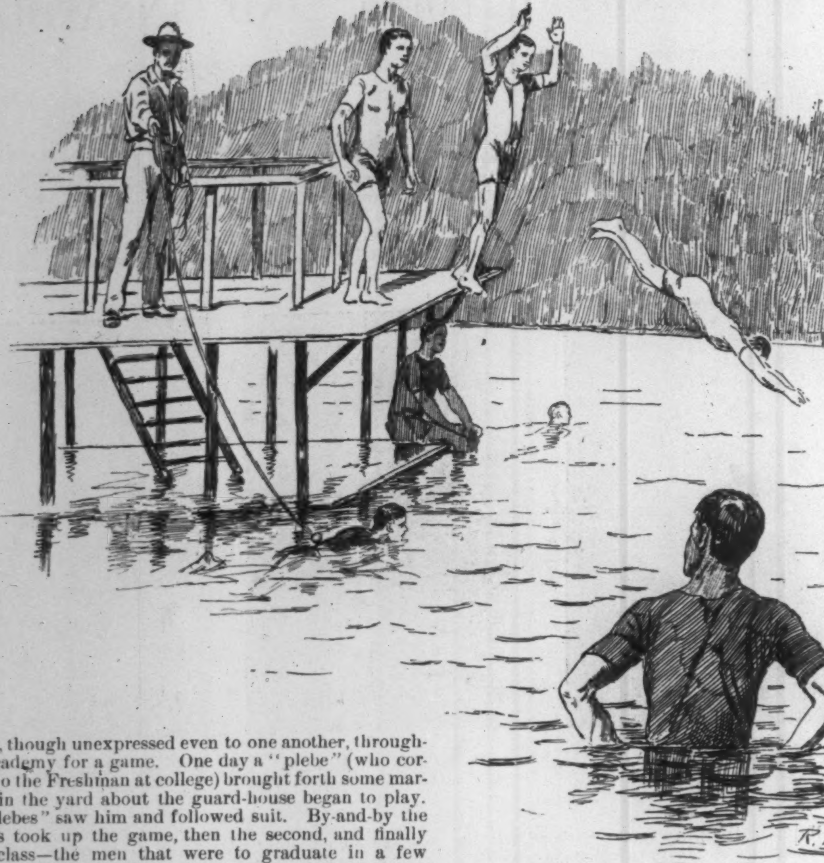
In my visits to Annapolis and West Point, and my research into the very earliest days of the two academies, I have been, and am yet, somewhat puzzled to account for the fact that, although drawing their cadets from the same country, and practically from the same sections, there was (the last two years have been steadily drawing them together), nevertheless, as much difference in the occupation of the lads during their recreation hours, or rather minutes, as if they hailed from countries widely separated in custom and geographical location. At Annapolis there has always been an indulgence in some form of athletics to a greater or less extent; but at West Point, until very recent years, there was no physical culture which included recreation. Army men will probably declare this state of affairs to have been brought about by the cadets at Annapolis having more time to devote to such matters than those at West Point. But a careful study of the daily schedules of each will show very little difference, certainly not enough to account for the athletic lethargy at West Point. The naval cadet's week is divided, so he gets a couple of hours' recreation on Wednesday, which is not permitted at West Point, where Saturday is the only holiday. There seems to have been a broader, more advanced policy governing these matters for Annapolis, and it must be accounted for by the fact of naval officials keeping more in touch with the outside world, and therefore more pliable to the demands of the popular sentiment, and less prone to adhere rigidly to traditions that have grown yellow with age.

West Point was founded in 1801, and up to within about fifteen years ago sport was a noun of unknown antecedents, and athletics of any sort, kind, or description were scarcely dreamed of. The grind of the cadet's daily life was quite as severe then as it is now—more so, for he lacked entirely that great incentive to all work, that invigorator of mind and body—relaxation from obligatory duties. It was a never-ending grind with him, and gray-haired officers have told me again and again, as we stood watching some game of football or baseball, that they would have given a bar off their straps to have had in their day the training of either of those games—to have been able to enter the service with something of the dash, the *verve* of these young athletes, none the less a soldier, none the less a student, but a living, palpitating man, rather than a wearied automaton.

The almost absolute necessity for the relaxation of some game is shown in the following incident, related to me by an officer who, though well on to threescore years, has not lived so long he cannot understand the growing boy nor appreciate the cravings of his nature for sport. It was along about the early months of '70, and the opening of the spring, with its budding trees and chirping birds, appeared to warm in the cadets the senses which the life of discipline had chilled. There was a general



WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK.



desire felt, though unexpressed even to one another, throughout the academy for a game. One day a "plebe" (who corresponds to the Freshman at college) brought forth some marbles, and in the yard about the guard-house began to play. Other "plebes" saw him and followed suit. By-and-by the third class took up the game, then the second, and finally the first class—the men that were to graduate in a few months and scatter over the country to command other men—joined the rest, and the cadets of the United States Military Academy, despised "plebes" and all, were playing marbles.

It was a touch of nature that made them all kin. It was truly pathetic, paralleled only by very similar outbursts for relaxation among the soldiers of the civil war, and, for matter of that, among mankind generally since man and war became contemporaries in this tumultuous world.

At this time there was no organized sport at West Point, and almost the only game known on the "plain" was "rounders," which was a very mild sort of play for these boys of vigorous physique, and was not taken up very generally. Somewhat stirred up by a visit a year or two previous from the training-ship of the Naval Academy, and a subsequent challenge for a boat-race, which was not accepted, a spasmodic effort was made just about at this time to create an interest in boating. It was not successful, however, too many obstacles stood in the way, and the matter was dropped, not to be taken up again until a number of years later.

Passing over a dozen uneventful years, during which the cadet had no sport to relieve the pressure of the humdrum routine day in and day out, week after week, throughout his four years of the closest application, we come to about '84. There had been somewhat of a change, at least in spirit, in affairs athletic at the Point by this time. Since the days when the entire corps relieved its boyish effervescence in marbles, there had grown very slowly, but none the less steadily, an appreciation of the value of sport as a tonic, morally and physically. No great advance was made, to be sure, and it was still a half-day's hunt to discover a baseball or bat on the premises, but the feeling had changed among cadets and officers as well; the former had reached the point where recreation other than a mere ramble along the river-banks was a necessity, and the latter were not insensible to the demands of the occasion. It was a scarcely perceptible movement, however, with a much wider development of theory than of practice, and the greater part of the latter spent its force in a direction in which the cadets were not so likely to shine. By a general subscription among them sufficient money was raised to purchase several row-boats. There was a vague idea at first of forming crews and instituting class racing, but the powers at the Point somehow or other did not smile on the project, probably considering any form of recreation not on *terra firma* unprofessional, and entirely pre-empted by the naval cadets.

However, be that as it may, what promised at first to mark the beginning of an enthusiastic era of sport dwindled down to an occasional and not general outing on the Hudson. There continued to be some desultory paddling about, but the failure to bring off the scheme for class contests took away almost entirely the cadet interest. That early set-back must have been a crushing one, for there has never been any activity in this direction since. Now and again a cadet goes out on the river in the summer, and more than likely during the mid-season weeks, when space on the romantic river-bank walk is at a premium; but if so, he is probably paying tribute to the shrine of beauty rather than muscle.

Some of those first boats are still in existence, I believe, and claimed by the officers.

Tennis was introduced about this time, but it was not then and is not now very generally played by the cadets. With the exception of Saturdays, when they have recreation in the afternoon from 2 until 6.30, there is never time to make the change of clothing necessitated by the game and the dirt courts, especially as they are well removed from the barracks, and would occupy in going and coming a number of minutes of time that is already doled out grudgingly to the very last second.

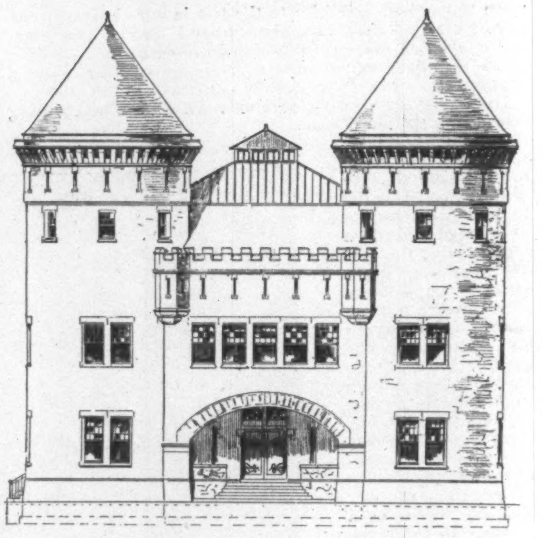
But there were brighter days of sport coming for the cadets. Along in '85–6 there began again a stir for class contests, this time in the baseball field. While it never amounted to anything very serious, it was the means of fairly starting the cadets into playing the game. From that time on they have made quite a showing in baseball every season. At first no outside teams were permitted to visit the grounds and play them, and in consequence restriction to the Reservation, where baseball talent was, to say the least, limited, kept their standard of play very low. In the last couple of years, however, wiser counsels have prevailed, and the nine now has a game at West Point every Saturday during the season with some outside club. Naturally it has improved their play immeasurably, and their record is a highly creditable one. They appear to have particularly good material this year, and judging from what I saw of their preliminary work last week, a little good coaching would make the present nine a strong one.

Athletically speaking, probably the best thing that ever happened to the Military Academy was the engagement of Sword-master H. J. Koehler about five years ago. Previous to that time the efforts that had been made in the direction of the cadets' physical training were decidedly more ludicrous than beneficial. (Of course, I am excepting the various drills and the riding which are a part of the cadets' professional training.) The department—which includes, by-the-way, swordmanship, gymnastic, and other kindred work—had been under the joint care of a French fencing-master, whose name I never heard, and a Lieutenant Farrow, I believe. The Frenchman was what is known as a fire-eater, and the class invariably looked forward to its time in his care as the one mirth-provoking "period" in a day of incessant toil. It was the "professor's" plan, so I am told, to take out the cadets, one at a time, for an assault. Now the "professor" was very peppery, and as his ability with the foil was by no means equal in quality to his tobasco-flavored temperament, almost any one of the advanced class could make it quite interesting for him. The result was that rarely more than the first or second man taken out ever enjoyed, during the same "period," the advantage of the "professor's" instruction, the rest of the class meanwhile deriving much amusement from the antics of the animated "professor" and his unskilled bodkin. Lieutenant Farrow, whose especial function was the gymnastic training of the cadets, did not err on the side of inordinate activity; he did not believe in drawing on the muscular tissues to any greater extent than that necessitated by a gentle stroll about the parade-ground; and if men must use the chest weights or breast bars, their movements should be methodical, and with the dignity and rhythm becoming the soldier. The lieutenant had a *penchant* for somersaults; not that he ever attempted them himself—at least, if he did, it has not been noised about—but he took great pride in the gymnastic excellence of the cadets under his charge. Moreover, the lieutenant had a very keen appreciation of the sheltering influence of his presence, the propinquity of which he undoubtedly considered of equally protective value to his pupils as a net of the strongest meshes; for whenever a timid cadet was loath to attempt the somersault, the lieutenant invariably reassured him by: "Don't be afraid, Mr. ——. Remember, if you hurt yourself, I am responsible."

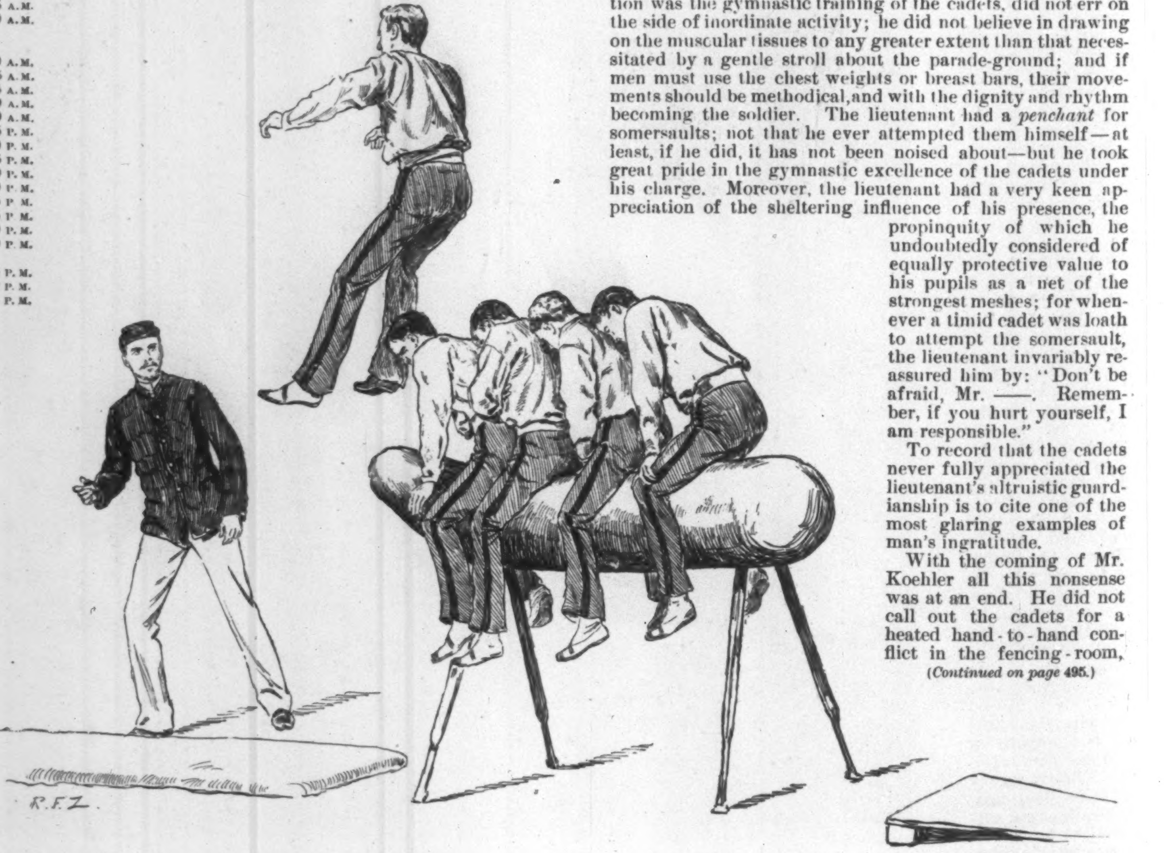
To record that the cadets never fully appreciated the lieutenant's altruistic guardianship is to cite one of the most glaring examples of man's ingratitude.

With the coming of Mr. Koehler all this nonsense was at an end. He did not call out the cadets for a heated hand-to-hand conflict in the fencing-room,

(*Continued on page 495.*)



WEST POINT GYMNASIUM.



ANNAPOLIS.

DAILY ROUTINE.

Morning gun-fire and reveille	6.00 A.M.
Call for morning roll-call	6.45 A.M.
Morning roll-call	6.50 A.M.
Breakfast immediately after roll-call.	
Prayers immediately after breakfast.	
Sick-call	7.30 A.M.
Call to rooms and first forenoon recitation (1st period)	7.55 A.M.
Call to second forenoon recitation	8 55 A.M.
Call to third forenoon recitation (2d period)	10.10 A.M.
Call to fourth forenoon recitation (2d period)	11.10 A.M.
Recall from 2d period recitations and release from rooms	12.15 P.M.
Call for dinner formation	12.30 P.M.
Dinner	12 35 P.M.
Call to rooms and first afternoon recitation (3d period)	1.50 P.M.
Call to second afternoon recitation (3d period)	2 50 P.M.
Recall from 3d period recitations and release from rooms	3.55 P M.
Call to afternoon exercises and drills	4.05 P M.
Recall from afternoon exercises and drill	5 30 P.M.
Evening roll-call	6.30 P.M.
Supper immediately after evening roll-call.	
Call to rooms	7.25 P.M.
Evening gun-fire, tattoo, and release from rooms	9.30 P.M.
Taps	10.00 P.M.

On Wednesdays cadets have recreation hours from 4.00–6.30 P.M., and from 2.00–6.30 P.M. on Saturdays.

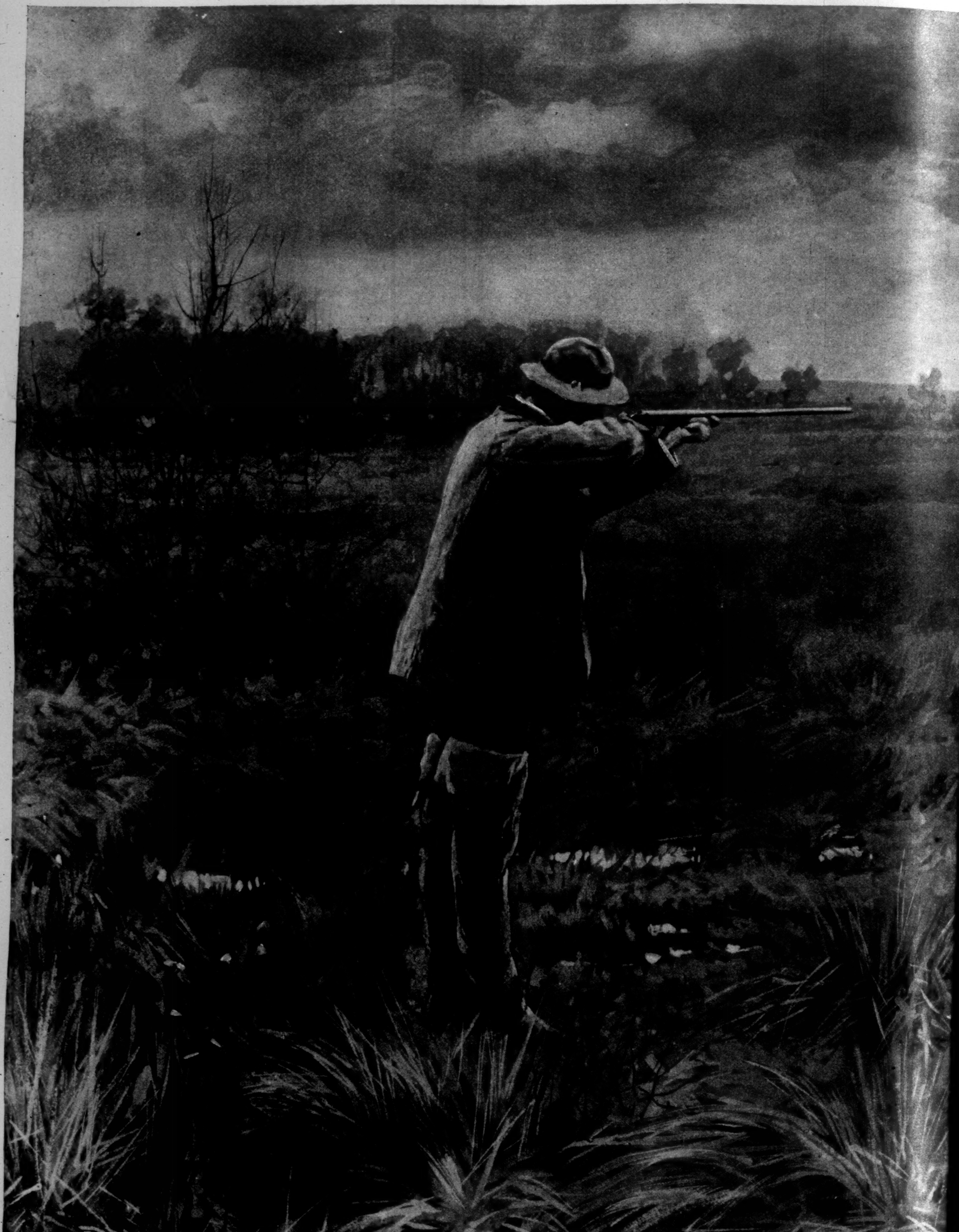
WEST POINT.

DAILY ROUTINE.

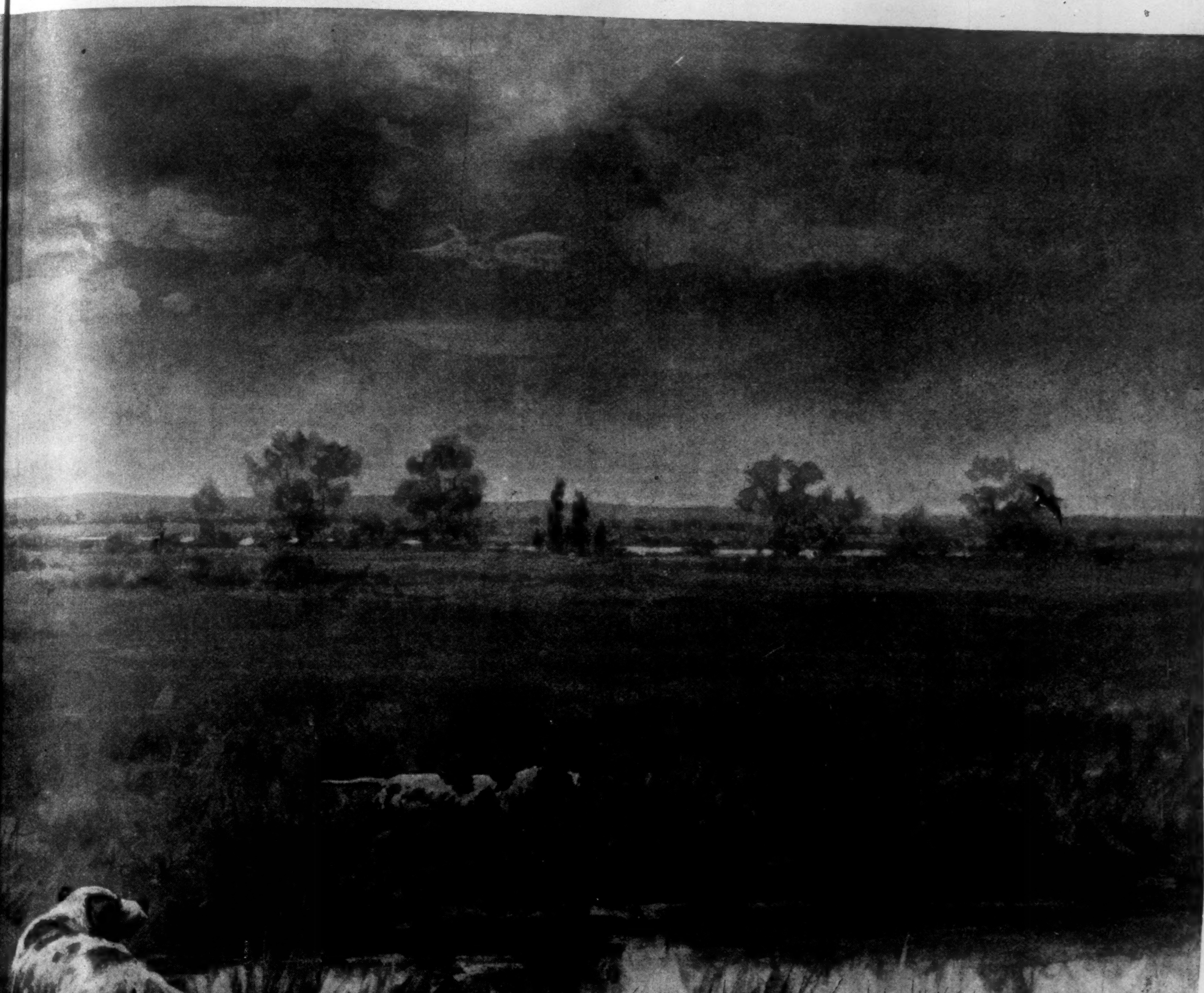
Reveille roll-call	5.30 A.M.
Inspection of quarters	6.00 A.M.
At this time rooms must be put in perfect order, floors swept, bedding neatly piled, shoes blacked, and clothing arranged on proper pegs.	
Breakfast roll-call	6.15 A.M.
Guard-mounting	7.15 A.M.
Call to quarters	8.00 A.M–1.00 P.M.
This time is spent in recitations, studying, gymnasium work, and riding.	
Dinner roll-call	1.00 P.M.
Cadets have about twenty minutes' recreation after dinner, which is finished at 1.40 P.M.	
Afternoon call to quarters	2.00 P.M.
This time is spent at study and recitations.	
Drill	4.15–5.15 P.M.
Dress parade	5.45 P.M.
Supper roll-call	6.15 P.M.
Cadets have thirty minutes' recreation after supper.	
Evening call to quarters	7.15–9.30 P.M.
This time is spent at study.	
Taps (bedtime)	10.00 P.M.

Saturday recreation from 2.00–6.15 P.M. No Wednesday half-holidays, but during the autumn and winter months there is no drill, though the classes alternate for riding, on these days.

7



SNIPE-SHOOTING.—Drawn



A. B. Frost.—[See Page 487.]

THE ATHLETIC DEVELOPMENT AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS.

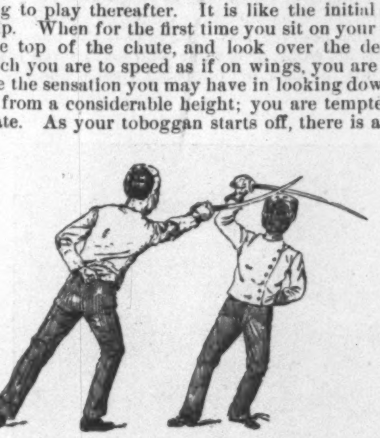
(*Continued from page 490.*)

nor surround his person with an invisible safety-net, but he understood his business, and went to work accordingly. The advancement he has made is simply remarkable. He is a graduate of the Turner Bund, and, like all true Turners, gives a great deal of attention to the wooden horse. The work he succeeds in getting out of comparatively green men would do the heart good of any man interested in physical culture. I stood and watched the fourth class going through its movements, and wondered that each class was not given the benefit of a few minutes of such work every day. No one unfamiliar with the wooden horse can appreciate the variety of muscle-making movements that may be used in its connection. It occupies the place of honor with the Turners, and that is equal to putting it at the top of all implements for physical culture. It is hard for the layman to appreciate the value of these various matters, but the present instructor of cavalry at West Point told me that he could not get his class into any kind of shape were it not for their preliminary work on the wooden horse. Another magnificent exercise at West Point, and used also in a modified form at Annapolis, is the "setting-up" performance. This is a species of calisthenic drill without dumb-bells, bringing the legs and arms and, in fact, the entire body into active work. If the average man would undertake to go through only this exercise every day, the benefits derived from it would be immeasurably valuable.

Of the fencing and single-stick work there is no occasion for special comment. It is very thorough, and what impresses the on-looker is the general excellence of the class. He wonders at it, until he suddenly remembers that these are picked boys—boys who have passed through a rigid physical examination. We attend the exhibitions of our large universities, and grow enthusiastic over the skill shown by the dozen out of, say, fifteen hundred; but here at West Point and at Annapolis we see every man in the class make a creditable showing, and we feel, as we watch their well-trained vigorous movements, and look into their clear eyes, that our national honor on land and at sea is in worthy hands.

With the coming of Mr. Koehler the athletic development at the Military Academy may be said to have begun. Baseball had just about got on its legs, and the sight of a man running around the "Plain" and up to Fort Putnam and back was not calculated to stop the hands on the Library Building clock. A new gymnasium was also begun, which, now nearly finished, is as complete as any in this country. It was along about this time, also, that some of the relics of military Puritanism began to disappear. There had always been an irrevocable ruling, and one rigidly enforced, that the cadet during his recreation must wear his blouse (until very recent years there was no blouse, and the unhappy cadet was kept enclosed in what is now used on dress occasions only) buttoned up to the chin. Fancy, you college men who read this—fancy yourselves playing baseball or football in what was not far removed from a strait-jacket! But in the last few years an order has gone forth permitting the removal of the blouse during play, and it is only in, I believe, the past year or two that uniforms have been permitted in match games of baseball and football.

But we come now to the football days—the ones on which the West Point cadet delights (just now) to dwell. I have detected the twinkle of lively interest in the eye of the most rigid disciplinarian when opening the subject of that game of last year; I have watched him, with much quiet amusement, attempt to treat the matter as simply one of the events in the regular life of the cadet; I have seen him make the effort to cover all enthusiastic reminiscence behind the imperturbable official dignity—but I have never yet seen one officer who had the blood of the soldier in his veins and *esprit de corps* succeed in concealing the fact that he had enjoyed the game, and that he had the liveliest remembrances of it, and would give half his annual leave to see another. Football at West Point owes its introduction to Captain Michie, of last year's team. Before entering the academy, he was at Princeton's preparatory school, at Lawrenceville, where he received his early training in the game. So far as the cadets were concerned, the starting of the game was much simplified by its instantaneous popularity. There are qualities in football that appeal to every American boy, and once he has experienced the sensation of a run down the field with the ball tucked under his arm, he does not require any urging to play thereafter. It is like the initial tobogganing trip. When for the first time you sit on your toboggan at the top of the chute, and look over the declivity down which you are to speed as if on wings, you are apt to experience the sensation you may have in looking down into the water from a considerable height; you are tempted, but you hesitate. As your toboggan starts off, there is a gasp, as though you had taken a plunge into cold water, and then immediately your whole being becomes possessed by a sense of exhilaration that increases as you descend; your veins tingle; your entire nervous system is keenly alive to the situation; and when, finally, you have reached the end, you heave a sigh—of regret—and start back for the top of the hill as fast as your legs can carry you.



But the first days of football at West Point in '88 were not roseate. Owing to the cadets coming largely from the West, there were none of them that knew the game, and hardly one or two of them who had even ever seen it played. The task of organizing a team from such material may be imagined. There was really no playing the first year, but in '89 an attempt was made to hold a match. The military authorities would not permit class contests or allow an outside eleven on the grounds, and the drilling of the cadet football candidates amounted to an attempt at play among themselves which gave practice of very little value. When the eleven of the Naval Academy, therefore, went to West Point in '90, and the national cadets came together for the first time on record in an athletic contest, the superior football knowledge and training of the Annapolis men were apparent, and they won the game by 24–0.

This defeat was the salvation of the athletic development that was just beginning to make itself felt at West Point. Army men could not rest under such a rout, and the feeling that spread from post to post found its way to the Point *viâ* Washington.

There was scarcely an officer at West Point, and certainly not a cadet in the Academy, who failed to take a lively interest in football at the beginning of 1891. The unfairness of prohibiting the visits of outside teams was at once acknowledged, and the order revoked. Moreover, the cadets had the advantage of some good coaching, which they had never before enjoyed; and when, in November, they went to Annapolis for the football match, they had secured a very good grounding in the game. West Point's coaching won them the game, with the score of 32–16, and "taps" that night sounded over a battle-field sweet to the memory of every army man in the land.

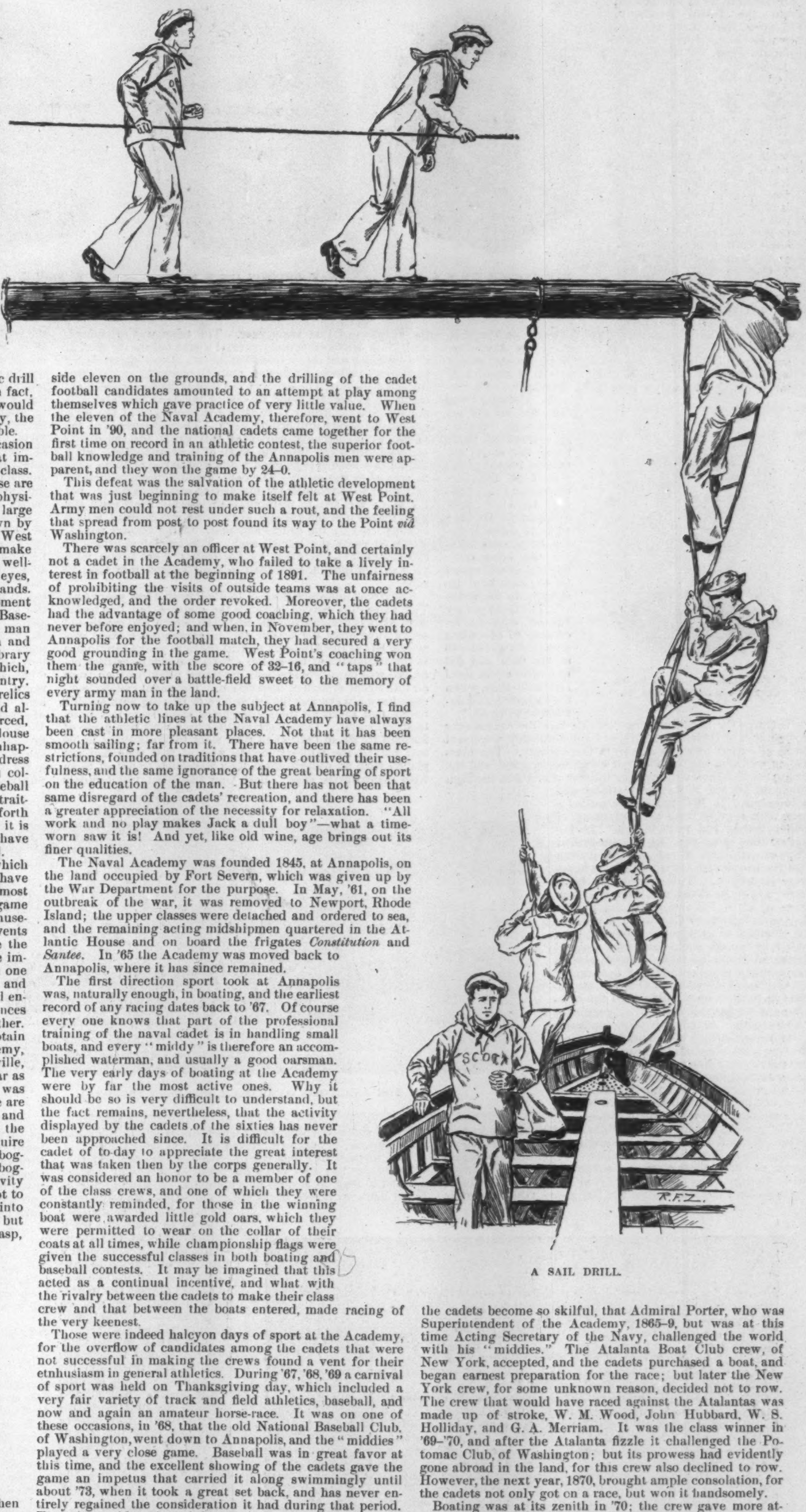
Turning now to take up the subject at Annapolis, I find that the athletic lines at the Naval Academy have always been cast in more pleasant places. Not that it has been smooth sailing; far from it. There have been the same restrictions, founded on traditions that have outlived their usefulness, and the same ignorance of the great bearing of sport on the education of the man. But there has not been that same disregard of the cadets' recreation, and there has been a greater appreciation of the necessity for relaxation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—what a time-worn saw it is! And yet, like old wine, age brings out its finer qualities.

The Naval Academy was founded 1845, at Annapolis, on the land occupied by Fort Severn, which was given up by the War Department for the purpose. In May, '61, on the outbreak of the war, it was removed to Newport, Rhode Island; the upper classes were detached and ordered to sea, and the remaining acting midshipmen quartered in the Atlantic House and on board the frigates *Constitution* and *Santee*. In '65 the Academy was moved back to Annapolis, where it has since remained.

The first direction sport took at Annapolis was, naturally enough, in boating, and the earliest record of any racing dates back to '67. Of course every one knows that part of the professional training of the naval cadet is in handling small boats, and every "middy" is therefore an accomplished waterman, and usually a good oarsman. The very early days of boating at the Academy were by far the most active ones. Why it should be so is very difficult to understand, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that the activity displayed by the cadets of the sixties has never been approached since. It is difficult for the cadet of to-day to appreciate the great interest that was taken then by the corps generally. It was considered an honor to be a member of one of the class crews, and one of which they were constantly reminded, for those in the winning boat were awarded little gold oars, which they were permitted to wear on the collar of their coats at all times, while championship flags were given the successful classes in both boating and baseball contests. It may be imagined that this acted as a continual incentive, and what with the rivalry between the cadets to make their class crew and that between the boats entered, made racing of the very keenest.

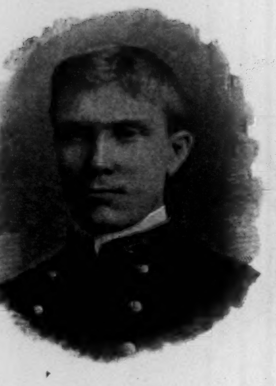
Those were indeed halcyon days of sport at the Academy, for the overflow of candidates among the cadets that were not successful in making the crews found a vent for their etnhusiasm in general athletics. During '67, '68, '69 a carnival of sport was held on Thanksgiving day, which included a very fair variety of track and field athletics, baseball, and now and again an amateur horse-race. It was on one of these occasions, in '68, that the old National Baseball Club, of Washington, went down to Annapolis, and the "middies" played a very close game. Baseball was in great favor at this time, and the excellent showing of the cadets gave the game an impetus that carried it along swimmingly until about '73, when it took a great set back, and has never entirely regained the consideration it had during that period. There is considerable activity this year, however, and as the material in the nine is very good, it is not impossible that something like the old days in baseball may return.

The boat-racing in '67 was in lap-streak boats, but in '68 the crew used a shell for the first time, though there was no racing in it until '69. The crew of '67–8 was made up, stroke, F. J. Drake, T. C. McLean, Webster Doty, R. R. Ingersoll, and it made such a record at the Academy that when the practice ships visited West Point in '68, they took along two lap-streak boats, and challenged the cadets at the Military Academy for a race and a game of baseball. But the cadet soldiers knew little of boating and hardly had heard of baseball, so that there was no contest. In '69 the interest in boating at Annapolis had grown so strong, and the cadets become so skilful, that Admiral Porter, who was Superintendent of the Academy, 1865–9, but was at this time Acting Secretary of the Navy, challenged the world with his "middies." The Atalanta Boat Club crew, of New York, accepted, and the cadets purchased a boat, and began earnest preparation for the race; but later the New York crew, for some unknown reason, decided not to row. The crew that would have raced against the Atalantas was made up of stroke, W. M. Wood, John Hubbard, W. S. Holliday, and G. A. Merriam. It was the class winner in '69–'70, and after the Atalanta fizzle it challenged the Potomac Club, of Washington; but its prowess had evidently gone abroad in the land, for this crew also declined to row. However, the next year, 1870, brought ample consolation, for the cadets not only got on a race, but won it handsomely.

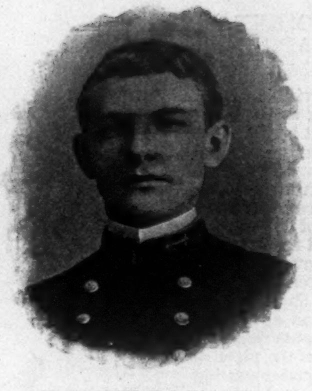


A SAIL DRILL.

Boating was at its zenith in '70; the crew gave more attention to training than at any previous time, and the boat-house contained four 4-oared paper shells, built by Waters, two 6-oared shells, one paper and one cedar, and two lap-streak boats. A challenge was sent to the Quaker City Boat Club of the Schuylkill Navy and accepted, and preparations for the race began in earnest. The greater attention the men had paid to training in that season gave them a much better foundation to begin on, and this, together with the magnificent physical condition in which the cadet is kept month in and month out, made the work of William Blaikie—Harvard, '66—who went down to coach them, the more effective. After the race, cadets and officers joined in a general subscription, and presented Mr. Blaikie with a valuable gold watch, and even to this day there is a very grateful remembrance of him around about the Naval Academy. The crew, with their weights, were: Naval Academy—stroke, John Hubbard, 156 pounds; C. D. Galloway, 158; W. M. Wood, 146; and Joel A. Post, 158. Quaker City—stroke, J. D. McBeath, 137 pounds; C. R. Adams, 157; J. E. Reyburn, 137; F. W. Wood, 138. It is very interesting to note these weights and the rigging of the boats, for in this race the sliding stroke, originated by the famous Renforth crew of England, was used for the first time in this country. The Academy boat was 43 feet, cedar frame covered with paper—the ordinary old-fashioned paper boat. The Quaker City boat was cedar, 48 feet. The sliding stroke was accomplished by generously greasing the securely fastened half-inch walnut seat, and then sliding backwards and forwards on the well-worn chamois-skin trousers seat. Post, of the Academy, broke his oar, but despite that and a choppy sea and strong wind, the cadets won (1½ miles and return) in 20 minutes, 25 seconds; the Quaker City's time being 20 minutes, 58½ seconds. The stroke was fast, for an old account says: "Scarcely a hundred yards from the start Annapolis forged ahead and kept the lead throughout.... pulling 44, at ¾ mile dropped to 42, then 40 at 1½ miles (turning buoy, each turning the same one); coming down, raised to 45, and kept up steadily to the finish ....The Quaker City led off with 40, increased to 44—when Annapolis was 42—40 at the turn, and did not raise again until last half-mile, when they spurted, and finished rowing 45."


M. E. TRENCH, U. S. N. A., '93.
CAPTAIN AND RIGHT GUARD.

W. K. JOHNSON, U. S. N. A., '94.
HALF BACK.


W. BAGLEY, U. S. N. A., '95.
FULL BACK.

C. F. MACKLIN, U. S. N. A., '92.
CAPTAIN AND RIGHT TACKLE, '91.

This was the most important outside race the cadets ever rowed, and of their crew, Hubbard and Galloway were said to be as expert oarsmen as any in the country. The class racing was kept up, the odd-year crews wearing red, and the even-year blue, and although the interest was not at the high pitch of '70, yet it was very strong and wholesome. In 1877 the cadets pulled a race with a crew from the University of Pennsylvania, and were beaten. In the fall of that same year an unprecedented gale caused such a rise in the Severn that the boat-house and about fifteen boats were destroyed. This wiped out boat-racing at the Academy, and gave it a blow from which it has not recovered to this day, although there have been a number of attempts to revive the interest. An old four-oared shell that was secured from the discarded relics of some club is the solitary representative of boat-racing at the Naval Academy. One or two cadets have their own singles, but the boat-house is a miserable shed, utterly unfit for the purpose. An effort is being made this year to organize a crew and revive class rowing; but although the interest is awakened, it is very much handicapped by the present equipment. However, there is a broad sensible spirit at the Academy, and it is not improbable that suitable boating accommodations will be forth-coming.

The year '78 was not a very brilliant athletic one at Annapolis. Baseball had lost its interest to a very great extent, though still played, and the life had gone out of the boating men. But in '79 there came an awakening in the introduction of football, and the first match played at the Academy under Association rules was against the Baltimore Athletic Club in the autumn of that same year. The team was organized, with W. J. Maxwell captain, several weeks before the match, and the rules sent down from Baltimore. The visiting eleven had some college graduates, and all wore their different 'varsity jerseys. The cadets wore tightly-laced canvas jackets made at the Academy by one of the Jack tars, and it is not improbable it may have been the prototype of the present canvas jacket universally worn. The advantages of the jacket were distinctly shown at this game, for the cadets often slipped away from the grasp of their opponents, while the latter's jerseys gave good holds, and many of them were in rags after the game. The cadets won a decisive victory, and football consequently jumped at once into favor; but the game was left to shift more or less for itself until the year 1882, when an athletic association was formed, which is supported by the cadets and many of the officers paying about 50 cents per month each. The official positions of the association are filled by the cadets, who advise with such of the officers interested in their sports from time to time.

There was not much done in football until a few years ago. The game was played through the eighties, but the teams were always drawn from the first class, which was graduated every June after the season, and in consequence there was no one left at the Academy to drill the next year's candidates in the rudiments of the game. Such knowledge as they acquired was more from patient, continual plodding than from an intelligent system of instruction. The naval cadets, however, have always had the advantage of playing with outside teams, and about all their knowledge came from this practical schooling. They were putting up a very fair game of football in '89, so that when they went to West Point in '90 and played the military cadets, who at that time had not played with an outside team, they were able to defeat them with comparative ease. Last year the West Point cadets received some coaching, and turned the tables in the game at Annapolis, as has been already stated in this article.

THE ANNAPOLIS GYMNASIUM, OLD FORT SEVERN.

The interest that has been aroused by the football contests of the last two years has been the means of starting a general athletic revival at Annapolis. A strong effort is being made to revive the boating, and especially to inaugurate class racing; baseball has taken on new life; and track and field athletics, which have slumbered for, lo! these many years, are once again to have recognition. An athletic field and running track has recently been completed, and on May 28th the first athletic meeting will be held.

Among these several valuable movements to combine exercise and relaxation for the cadet, and equip him the better for the mental and physical tests for which his profession calls, none is more important than the recent opening of the Department Physical Training, under Dr. Beyer, who maintains a constant watch over the cadets' development. There is, of course, also the physical training prescribed in the regular cadet work, which includes fencing and single-stick—under Sword-master A. J. Corbesier, who has been at the Academy twenty-seven years—and gymnasium work, boxing, and swimming. Of these, the greatest showing is made probably in fencing, which is in advance of that at West Point, but the gymnastic work is more or less desultory, and they have nothing that compares as a general "setting-up," to the work which Sword-master Koehler gives the West Point "plebes" on the wooden horse. Then, too, they do no riding at Annapolis, but they have a sail drill, which is a remarkable developer of muscle, nerve, and agility.

Comparing the two, we find the physical work about an even thing, but, in point of handling the cadets so as to relieve the monotonous grind of daily work and give physical training under the guise of sport, Annapolis has much the advantage.

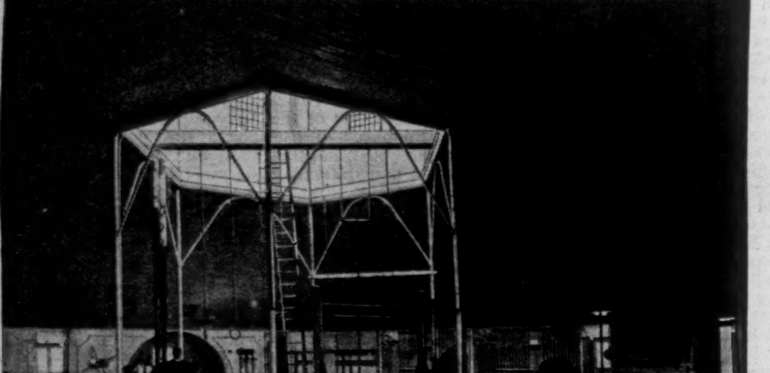
The naval authorities appear to have realized the magnificent training to be derived from games requiring skill, endurance, and strength. The army people, on the other hand, seem not to have entirely shaken themselves out of ancient history. They give the cadets at West Point guns that rival the hills in antiquity, cheap horses that are made to do cavalry and artillery duty, and until very recently they had the cadet playing baseball in regulation jackets buttoned up to the chin. In pursuance of this policy, it is entirely fitting, I suppose, that they should shrug their shoulders at football as being unprofessional, and frown on an annual match between the naval and military cadets.

A. W. CATLIN, U. S. N. A., '90.
CAPTAIN AND HALF BACK.

Whoever has looked seriously into the requirements of the football-player, must acknowledge that if there is any game fitted to the training of the soldier, it is this one. We advocate football at the colleges chiefly as the best physical training a boy can undergo. I make no argument here that the cadets of either Annapolis or West Point are in need of physical training; the government provides thoroughly for that. The points I advance for consideration are: first, the wisdom of relieving the monotonous grind of the cadets' daily work by giving him sport with the physical training; and second, the peculiar adaptation of football for the development of manly and soldierly qualities.

The game is a mimic battle-field, on which the player must reconnoitre, skirmish, advance, attack, and retreat in good order; he must exercise strategy; be prepared to meet emergencies with coolness and judgment under trying circumstances; be trustworthy, observant, vigilant; have courage, pluck, fortitude, daring, and a spirit of self-sacrifice to duty and to the good of the service upon which he is engaged; combine sobriety, common-sense, health, strength, activity, and *esprit de corps* to a marked degree; have a well-balanced manhood, a healthy mind in a sound body; have the quality to be bold or cautious at a critical moment; a commendable amount of modesty combined with self-reliance; a fair share of the essential qualities for one who is to exercise military command; he must be subordinate to discipline, and give up rum and tobacco.

If these are not the qualities to be desired in the army and navy officers West Point and Annapolis are annually giving us, in what class of men are they more essential? And is there much doubt in the minds of those who have worried through this article which officer would be chosen for a mission requiring courage and judgment—the one who had made tennis his game, or the one who had gritted his teeth, and ploughed through the opposing rusher line for a ten-yard gain.


GYMNASIUM INTERIOR, ANNAPOLIS.

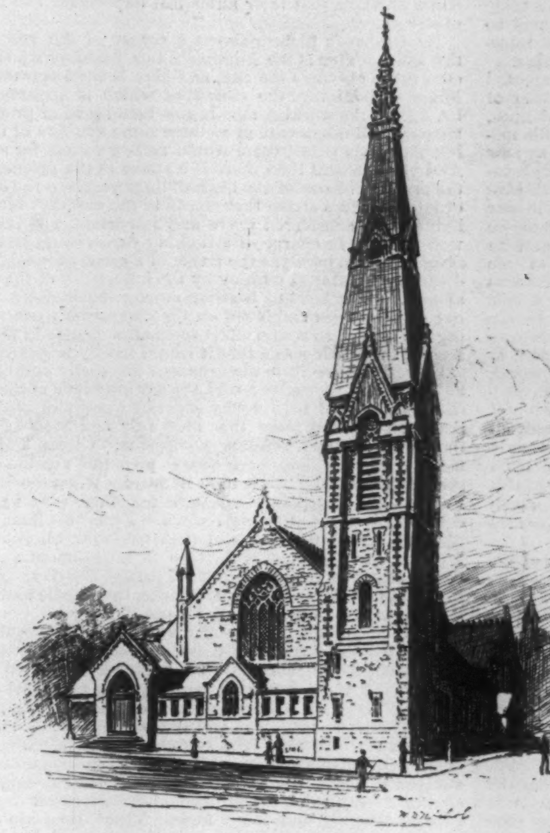
THE NAVAL ACADEMY FOOTBALL TAILOR.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AT PORTLAND.

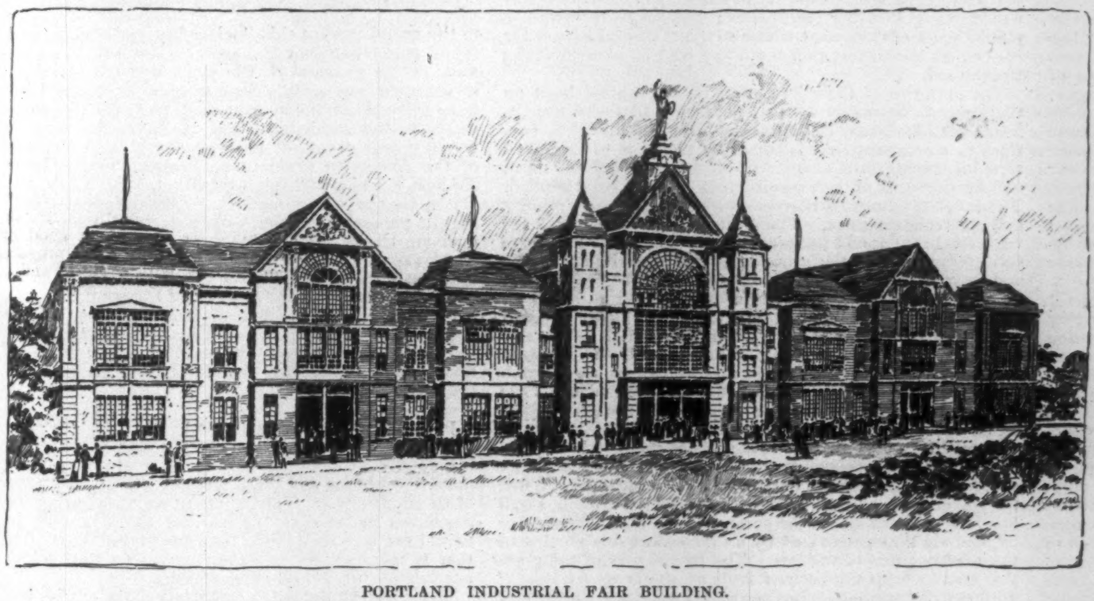
No Presbyterian attending the first session of the General Assembly of his Church in the United States in 1788 but would have been amazed and unbelieving could he have seen in vision the vast breadth of continent across which the delegates of to-day were whirled by special trains to attend the opening session of this most august Presbyterian gathering in the city of Portland, Oregon, on the morning of Thursday, May 19th. It was before the discovery of the Columbia by Gray, and while the great Pacific Northwest—its importance all undreamed of—was so completely the prey of the contending powers of Spain, France, and England, later of the United States, that we can but feel it greatly to the credit of Oregon

> "That in spite of all temptations
> To belong to other nations,
> She remains"—American.

Whether to reward this fidelity of Oregonians, or in response to the eloquent pleadings of the Rev. A. J. Brown, its young pastor, the last Assembly, in session at Detroit, disregarded the claim of San Francisco, and chose as its next meeting-place the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, Oregon. Dr. Brown urged the heartiness of Portland's invitation, the preparations already made, the great magnitude of the interests involved, and the wonderful influence upon all the churches in this recognition of the importance of the Pacific coast. The First Presbyterian Church was organized in 1854, and is, after the churches of Clatsop and Corvallis, the oldest Presbyterian church on the coast. Organized by the Rev. J. L. Yantiss; reorganized in 1860 by Rev. P. T. Caffrey, under the Board of Home Missions; served from 1868 until 1886 by Dr. Linsley, the church had a membership of 301 when, in 1888, Dr. Brown was called as its pastor. Born in Massachusetts in 1856, the Rev. Arthur Judson Brown is of old Puritan stock. He was graduated from Wabash College in Indiana in 1880, taking the highest honors, and receiving the Baldwin Prize as orator. In 1883 he graduated at the Lane Theological Seminary of Cincinnati, and was soon installed as pastor of a missionary church in Wisconsin. Soon called to Oak Park, to a mere handful of people, he raised the membership to 200, built a church and manse, and served the Presbytery of Chicago both as permanent clerk and Moderator. During his pastorate in Portland a very commodious and beautiful stone church has been erected. Partly to accommodate the increasing congregations, and partly to seat the present Assembly, galleries have been added to the attractive interior, so that the edifice will seat 1300 and hold 1500. The value of the church property is $200,000; the membership has increased to 878; in four years $150,000 above its expenses has been given by the church, $30,000 of this going to home missions. The church has helped nearly every mission in the Northwest, and made possible the development of missions in Alaska. The number of Presbyterian churches in Portland is now eight, with two missions and a fine Chinese work. On the coast the Presbyterians have eighty churches, with 4600 members; and the Synod of Oregon last year outranked the Synod of New York in proportionate gifts to home missions. Dr. Brown, in addition to his gifts as preacher and organizer, is noted as a specialist in the matter of Church history.



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PORTLAND,
Where the General Assembly meets.



PORTLAND INDUSTRIAL FAIR BUILDING.
(The largest Exposition Building on the Pacific Coast. The Assembly expects to hold a grand Reception here.)

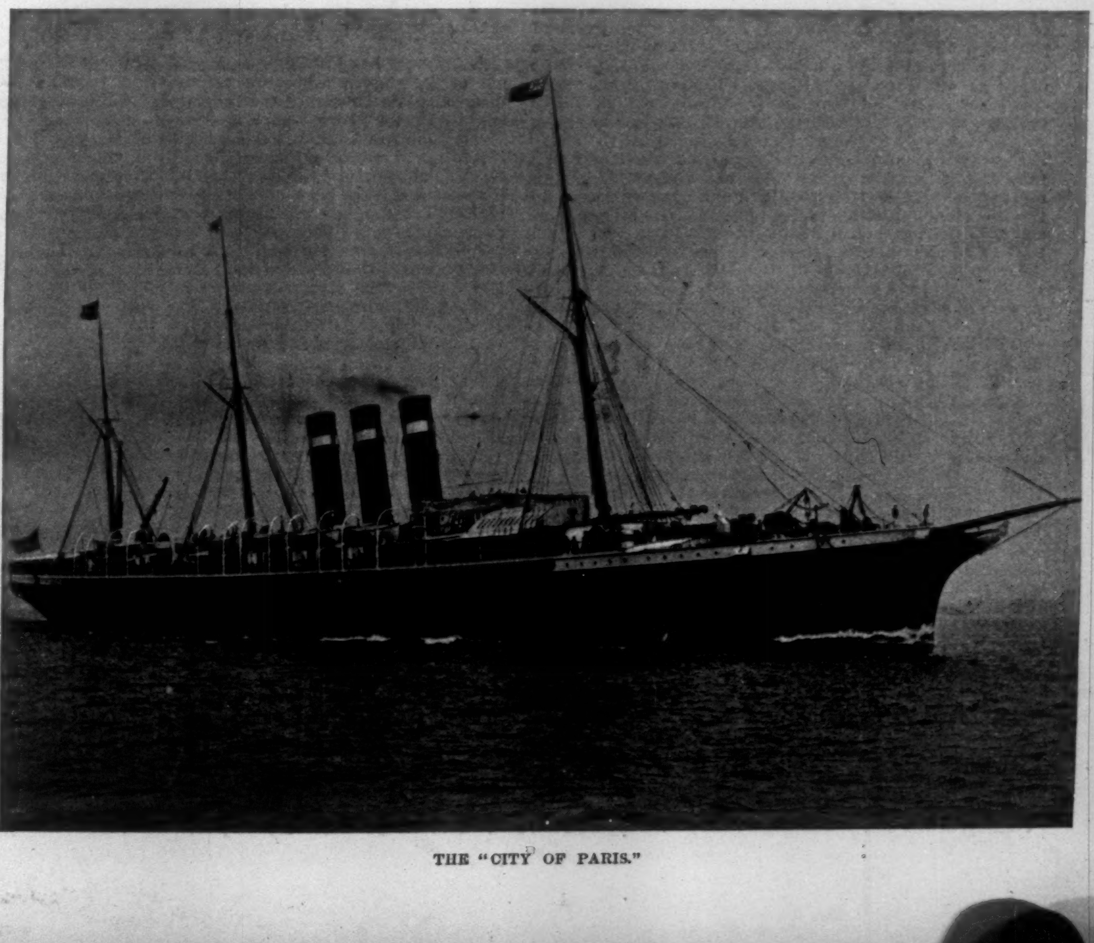
Hard would it have been for our Presbyterian of 1788 to realize the vast size of a country that stretches across the breadth of a continent, uniting East and West under one government; how much harder for him to have looked forward to the enlargement of religious thought which brings before the Church such questions as will agitate the Assembly during the coming days—burning questions that are shaking the theological dicta of a past generation without at all endangering the truth that lies beneath! There are three main subjects to be discussed by the Assembly, and these three are as one. The report of the Committee on the Revision of the Westminster Confession, the appeal of Dr. Briggs from the action of the Presbytery in refusing consent to his transfer from the Chair of Hebrew to that of Biblical Theology in the Union Seminary, and growing out of this the request of the Union Seminary that the agreement entered into in 1870, whereby the General Assembly has a veto upon the election of professors in the seminary, be annulled, all come of one movement in the Church—the effort to secure greater liberality in religious thought, the desire to present more fully the love of a God who is the Father of His children. This view of God is not, think many Presbyterians, sufficiently accentuated by the Westminster Confession, while the doctrines of Preterition (or the passing by of a certain number of human beings by the decree of God) and of "Elect" infants would seem to militate against it. It is not generally thought that the revision, as completed by the distinguished committee, including Dr. Green (of Princeton), President Patton, Dr. Herrick Johnson, E. D. Lane, Henry J. Van Dyke, and many others, will be quite satisfactory either to progressives or conservatives. The latter class predominate in the West. The Westminster Confession is a venerable historic document; a strong demand has arisen that it be let alone. If it does not fully express the religious thought of to-day, there are other ways in which increased breadth of thought can be manifested. If the revision is rejected by the Portland Assembly, and it must receive a two-thirds vote if accepted, then the increasing demand for a short, vigorous, new, timely creed will come to the front. Already more Presbyterians are demanding in place of the revision a creed that shall accentuate the love of God rather than divine justice, than asked for revision.

"A dogma," says a celebrated preacher of to-day, "is a truth packed for transportation." Let us not fear, then, that our friends of the General Assembly, in repacking their dogmas of a past century in modern Portland, will in any heat of discussion lose out of them that which made them precious to the divines of old England—and will continue to make them vital to generations of Christians to come in this great country, East and West—their essential truth. The Assembly will also consider a short concensus creed designed to unite Presbyterians of all names. Dr. Briggs will not go to Portland to plead his own cause. Dr. Green, the former Moderator, who was to preach the opening sermon, is ill, and will not attend. Delegates have been selected whose knowledge of ecclesiastical law and ability to influence thought will be of use in the deep theological discussions expected. Dr. Radcliffe, of Detroit; Rev. William A. Bartlett, of Washington; Dr. Sample; Dr. Birch; Dr. Shearer; Dr. Roberts, the Stated Clerk; and Dr. Muchmore, of the Philadelphia *Presbyterian*—are distinguished divines who are in attendance. Dr. Wallace Radcliffe and Dr. S. J. McPherson are mentioned as candidates for the position of Moderator. The citizens of Portland are planning great things for the entertainment of delegates. A reception in the great exposition building, trips on the Columbia and about the town, where the best sights of Mount Hood and the Willamette are to be had, are planned, and a possible trip to Alaska at reduced rates is in view. It is, above all things else, the hope of Portland Presbyterians that the delegates traversing the great home mission field to reach such a strategic point of mission work as Portland will awake heart and soul to the need of missionary zeal to evangelize the great Northwest, with its incoming multitudes, and that theological discussion will not usurp the time of the Assembly to the exclusion of this vital matter.

F. E. W.

OUR FLAG AGAIN TO THE FORE.

THE measure introduced March 9, 1892, entitled "A Bill to Encourage American Ship-building," which passed both Houses of Congress practically unopposed, authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury, under certain conditions, to register as United States vessels foreign-built steamships owned by Americans. Such vessels shall be of a tonnage of not less than 8000 tons, and be capable of a speed of 20 knots per hour. They shall belong to an established line from a port in the United States, and 90 per cent. of the shares of the capital of the foreign corporation owning them must have been owned January 1, 1890, by citizens or corporations of the United States; provided that such American owners shall, subsequent to the date of this law, have built or have contracted to build in American shipyards steamships of an aggregate tonnage not less in amount than that of the steamships so admitted to registry, each steamship so built or contracted for to be of a tonnage not less than 7000 tons. These conditions complied with, each of the vessels so admitted shall be entitled



THE "CITY OF PARIS."

to all the rights and privileges of a vessel of the United States, except that it shall not be employed in the coastwise trade of the United States. Any steamship so registered may be taken and used by the United States as a cruiser or transport upon payment to the owners of its fair actual value.

The bill, in the language of the committee which reported it, admits to American registry only a limited number of high-class steamships already running in established lines, a class which does not exist in the American mercantile marine, the benefit of whose organization will apply to any new tonnage constructed. Its passage cannot injure a single industry in the United States, but, on the contrary, will give immediate employment to a large number of men in our ship-yards, and will stimulate not only foreign commerce under the American flag, but ship-building by American ship-yards. The immediate effect of the passage of this beneficent measure, which Secretary Tracy characterizes as second in importance only to the naval appropriation bill, will be to confer an American registry upon the Inman steamships *City of New York* and *City of Paris*, thus making available for the use of the United States government, in case of need, as cruisers, two of the largest ships in the world, finely equipped, and of extraordinary speed and stanchness—a resource to be supplemented by the speedy construction of other vessels equal or superior in character. Being passenger ships, and in constant service, they will always be ready to steam at a moment's notice on any warlike mission on which the government may wish to send them, and in this respect are more available than the regular cruisers, which may or may not be in such condition, according to the uses to which they have last been put.

The general approval that has greeted the passage of the bill in this country shows the existence of a salutary impatience, long latent, at our dependent position toward foreign countries in the matter of transportation to points beyond our borders. This satisfaction with the measure is no less marked and significant than the criticism and opposition with which it has been received in England, where it is regarded as a matter sufficiently serious to be brought to the consideration of the Admiralty and of Parliament. Designs for the new vessels to be built in American ship-yards will be promptly prepared, and contracts for their building let. This work will not be accomplished before next autumn, until which time the ships will continue to sail under the British flag. The present captains and other officers will probably be retained by the declaration of allegiance to the United States, which is sufficient to bring them within the requirements of the law which provides that all vessels sailing under the Stars and Stripes must be officered by citizens of the United States.

This "naturalizing" of two steamers of a line long practically owned and directed by Americans is an event less important in itself than in its significance as the potential beginning of a great national expansion in scope of maritime interests, shipping laws, and commercial policy. The spectacle of superb ocean steamships building in American yards to carry passengers under the American flag will foster that national pride which should impel every United States citizen at this epoch to use his endeavors to place our country in that advanced position among nations, in respect to the ocean carrying trade, to which she is entitled. The recent difficulty with Chili, revealing the fact that we had no swift transports capable of being armed, was an instructive episode, and the risks of our helpless condition in this respect no good American will wish to see recur.

The two vessels thus gained to our naval and merchant service, the twin-screw steamers *City of New York* and *City of Paris*, are unsurpassed as magnificent types in marine architecture. With their perfect lines and grand proportions, they have marked a new era in passenger ship building, combining as they do important innovations with every improvement effected in the half-century of Atlantic Ocean navigation by steamers. These vessels, almost precise counterparts, have gone a long way toward attaining the ideally desirable combination of swiftness with comfort and safety. Costing over $3,000,000, they are the largest passenger ships afloat, each being of 10,500 tonnage, with a length of 560 feet, a beam of 63¼ feet, and an exterior depth of 59 feet. They have both crossed the Atlantic at an average speed of over 20 knots. The *City of Paris* has made an average of over 20¼ knots, and for a single day's run has averaged 21 knots per hour.

With a complete double bottom, and water-tight compartments separated by solid transverse bulkheads, they are guarded alike against fire and sinking. Two distinct sets of triple-expansion engines—each set alone being capable of propelling the vessel at from 15 to 17 knots an hour—drive the ship at the highest attainable speed, and in the remote contingency of a total break-down, the amount of sail which can be spread on the three masts would still be ample in any ordinary wind to navigate the vessel. The rudder lying entirely under water, forming actually a part of the ship's hull, secures the quick manœuvring of the vessel, and adds greatly to its capability as a war ship. The rudder, with all the steering-gear, is worked by hydraulic machinery, and the use of noiseless hydraulic power is general on these ships. Each vessel comfortably provides for 650 cabin passengers, and its roll of employés numbers over 400 persons.

Mr. Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia, is the President of the Inman Line, which was founded in 1850, and is the outgrowth of a line of sailing packets carrying freight between Philadelphia and Liverpool. In 1886 the old company was dissolved, and the present Inman and International Steamship Company, Limited, formed, controlled by American capital. The new organization set at once to work to strengthen the fleet by building these two splendid steamers, now about to range themselves under their proper flag.

As to the ability of Americans to build such steamships as the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris*, about which doubt has been expressed on the other side of the Atlantic, they were, in point of fact, Americans who did build these vessels, even though they did not, hammer in hand, fasten the rivets. It was American genius which conceived the idea of twin screws in the passenger trade, of an unsinkable ship, and many other improvements, which make these two steamers unsurpassed among the ships of all the world.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

QUITTING-HOUR, WORLD'S FAIR.

AN hour's stroll through that great hive, the grounds of the Columbian Exposition, will leave but a small impression of the actual number of working-men scattered through its vast cells. Six thousand men have changed the map of Europe on more than one occasion; but when they are thrown here, there, and everywhere in fifteen of the largest structures ever planned, on a space covering 600 acres of land, the number's force is lost in the dispersion. It is in the evening, at the end of the day's labor, when the men have laid aside their implements, and are on their way from the scene of work, that their numerical importance can best be observed.

Mr. Graham's picture shows a corner of the grounds at this hour. This is the Administration Building, whose skeleton dome obscures the sky, and here is the Department of Mines and Mining, the corner of which is apparent near by. If all the working-men in this broad land of prosperity were as well taken care of as these same workers of the Columbian Exposition, there would be few causes for strikes. And yet now and then there is a strike at the grounds, and the progress of one of the big buildings yields to the dignity of labor. But a strike that would in the ordinary affairs of industry be considered grave and important, a strike that, were its men in charge of switching-yards, could be of sufficient force to paralyze the traffic of a great railroad, is here dwarfed into almost nothing by the immensity of the general undertaking. Thus a strike among the workers in any one of the trades employed on the exposition work involving 500 men or so would effect so small a change in the business of the whole scene that it would hardly be perceptible.

However, these little disturbances are easily and quickly adjusted; for, as has been said, the working-men at the exposition are treated with a very superior quality of consideration. In the first place, that ideal rule and hope of labor, the eight-hour day, rules here supreme. Clerks and shopmen of all sorts, and professional men too, are busy with their work and the sun is high in the sky when the World's Fair laborer or tradesman reports for duty. He need not come to his post until eight o'clock. From this hour he applies himself until noon, and then quits for his dinner or lunch. One-half hour is devoted to refreshment and rest, and at 12.30 he begins the second part of the day. At 4.30 in the afternoon the bell for rest rings, the whistle blows, and the laborer has done his duty for one day.

Six thousand men is a goodly number, but when they are divided over a ground that covers 600 acres in area they are not pushed for elbow-room. The complex and varied nature of the work to be done gives employment to almost all the trades. There are lathers, iron-workers, carpenters, plasterers, staff-casters, modellers and staff carpenters, bridge-men, painters, glaziers, plumbers, electrical experts, skilled gardeners, skilled pile-drivers, skilled sawyers, locomotive and stationary engineers and firemen, mechanical engineers, electrical engineers, draughtsmen, skilled sewer-builders, general laborers, and many more. These men are in the employ not of the Exposition Company itself, but of the contractors who have been awarded the work of constructing the various departments. They are paid good wages, not particularly better or especially worse than their services would bring in other enterprises; but they are certainly placed in an environment whose sanitary conditions are far better than these same men could buy with an average of the wages paid.

The majority of them live in an immense hotel built on the grounds especially for this purpose, and called the Columbian Commissary Department. This hotel is let by contract to a company that is bound by the same to lodge and feed its tenants in a manner up to a nominated standard, and the directors of the exposition see that the bond is filled. The hotel furnishes its boarders with meals of good quality and plenteous quantity. The meats are wholesome, and the vegetables sound, and the bread fresh. The water used here and everywhere on the grounds is that contributed freely and in unlimited abundance by the great lake on whose shores the men live. The precaution of boiling it, however, is taken before it is served, thus saving from the typhoid germ such organizations as would be susceptible to this disease from the supposed pollution in the fluid. The beds in the great hotel are comfortable, and the rooms and dormitories are scrupulously clean. These accommodations are furnished to each man at the very moderate rate of $4 a week.

It may be well imagined that a bit of financiering not to be disdained by a corporation of capitalists is not altogether avoided by more humble but as eager dollar-seekers. When the site at Jackson Park was finally determined upon, small hotels and boarding-houses sprang up in every street near by, and are now patronized by no inconsiderable portion of the working-men of the fair. The proprietors of these are the first to reap the earliest fruit of the great harvest of gold that the exposition has sown, and the ripest and richest of which is yet to come.

M. A. LANE.

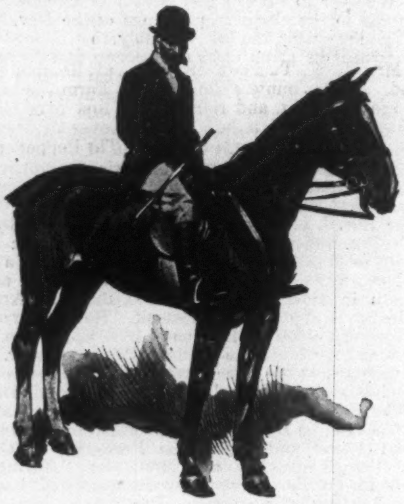
CENTRAL ASIAN EXPLORATION.

A JOURNEY has just been completed that will rank with one of the greatest achievements in Central Asian exploration. Captain Bower, of the Indian Staff Corps, accompanied by Doctor Thorold and a number of servants and forty-seven ponies and mules, has succeeded in crossing Thibet from west to east on a line considerably farther south than that of Benvalot, and through a section of country which no European traveller has touched. Lhassa was indeed closed to him, but the best efforts of the Devi Jong (governor) could do no more than turn him toward China, instead of permitting him to go southward to Burmah. That this change was not altogether evil is shown by the fact that the party would have arrived in the Kachgen country in the midst of the outbreak against British rule.

The journey commenced at Leh, in Little Thibet (Cashmir), on June 14th, and closed at Tachienhi (Tarchindo) on the Chinese border February 10th, and covered a distance of 2000 miles. The first part was over a table-land averaging 15,000 feet above the sea, and rising for thirteen consecutive days of journey to a height of 17,000 feet. What is probably the highest lake in the world—Hor-Ba-Too, at an altitude of 17,930 feet—and a peak that may rival Kunchin-Junga and Everest, were seen. Most of the western section was found to be very desolate, with no inhabitants; but the eastern part was well wooded and fertile. Captain Bower having a large party, and being well provided with Chinese passports, was able to do much more than Mr. Woodville Rockhill, whose *Land of the Lamas* covers only the eastern section. The book which he is preparing will be welcomed gladly by all those interested in the opening up of the country.

AMATEUR · SPORT

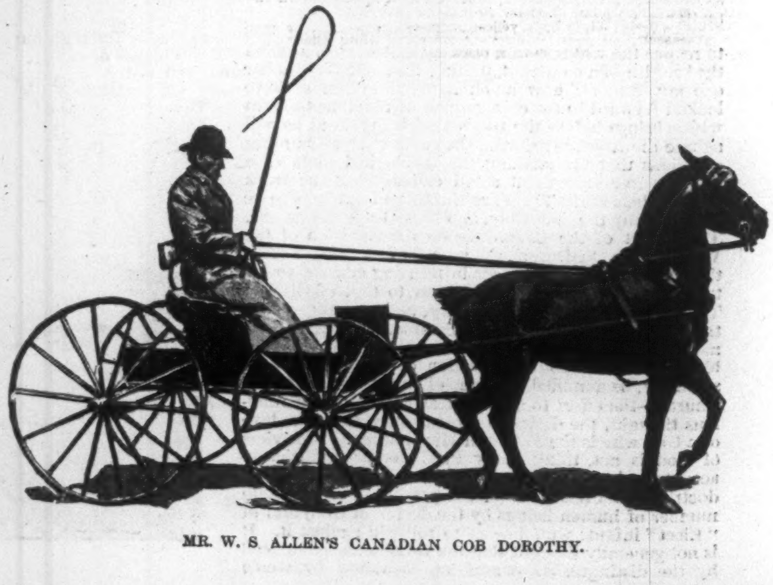
THE FIRST OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW of the United States Horse and Cattle Show Society has come and gone, but it has left an impression on sportsmen that will fill the entries and the grand stands next season to overflowing. The Show was a success. There were not the crowds of men and women who array themselves in their fine feathers and strut to see and be seen that we have at the Madison Square Garden, but, better still, those who attended this Open-Air Show went to see the horses. They went to bear witness to the grand project this Society has undertaken, and they found more than they had expected to see. The arrangement of the grounds, of the stalls, and the carriage space to drive in was simply just as good as it could possibly have been; while the management, from the superintendent down to the stable-boys, was perfect. No show in this country ever went off more smoothly, and the members of the Executive Committee—Messrs. Prescott Lawrence, Francis T. Underhill, Reginald Rives, T. H. Terry, James T. Hyde, George Green, and R. S. Huidekoper—should feel highly pleased over the very successful inauguration of open-air shows. There has been no money made in this first Show—very likely there has been something of a loss—but that cuts no figure; the point to consider is that the project has received the support of the sportsmen, and that it is an entering wedge that will in another year have opened the pockets of the public. Even this year, as the Show grew upon the public, the increase of spectators was almost double, notwithstanding the cloudy and altogether forbidding weather.



MR. W. S. ALLEN'S LIGHT-WEIGHT HUNTER SWEETHEART.
Winner Jumping Class '90 and '91.

IT WOULD BE UNKIND, if not hypercritical, to pick flaws in a management that in so short a time made so remarkably good a showing; moreover, there are very few points open to criticism, and those that are will be fully taken care of by another year. The inclement weather during the week suggested the thought of whether the first week in June would not be a better date than the first of May. The weather is more settled in June, and such a time might have advantages for several other reasons.

Taking all things into consideration, the entries last week were very good. It was not expected, of course, that the trotters would show very largely at this season, and the fact of being in the stud kept many stallion entries in other classes. The most interesting feature of the week was Foxhall, the renowned thoroughbred, which, though fourteen years old, and hardly recovered from a trip across the Atlantic, was able to take the blue ribbon. His stall, decorated with the American and British flags, was the centre of attraction all the week. He is the finest specimen living, probably, of the long low horse, and his well-placed shoulders and powerful back and quarters readily account for his marvellous speed. Saxony took second. The hackney classes were not so large as they were last autumn, but the quality was of the best. Fashion had the champion class to himself, and in the class of three years and over, between 15 and 15.2, W. D. Sloane's Berserker, son of Matchless of Londesboro, won the blue



MR. W. S ALLEN'S CANADIAN COB DOROTHY.

ribbon from W. Seward Webb's Spotsboro Fashion, F. G. Bourne's Glendale taking third, and the Bloodgood's Acrobat, imported for the occasion, getting V. H. C. In the class between 14 and 15 hands George Green's Forest Swell secured the blue ribbon, with W. S. Webb's Rocket second.

The Farmer Class was an extremely interesting one, and was keenly contested, W. R. H. Martin's American Confidence taking first. I liked very much Mrs. Elisha Dyer Jun.'s Little Dorrit, even if it did get only V.H.C., and another V.H.C., W. S. Allen's Dorothy, in the pony class impressed me as having good bottom. George Pepper's roan pony Charlie Burgess, which took first, not over 13, is a remarkably built little fellow, and W. S. Webb's Princess is not far behind him. Miss Hope Goddard's Lady Derwent, between 13 and 14.1, could not be denied the ribbon, and Merry Legs, which did so well at the Garden, got only third. There were only two heavy-draught stallions, but Duke of Normandy, which won the ribbon, is a grand animal. The saddle and hunter classes were very well filled, and the entries were a fine lot; not all the awards have been made as we go to press, but Miss Bostwick's Eric was justly given the blue ribbon over Jim Dandy, of Eugene Higgins, but the latter was repaid by Lauderdale, which took the ribbon in class over 15½ hands. Mr. W. W. Tucker's Mignon and Rosebud were very good. In the hunters the chestnut Farm Cohasset is a grand heavy weight, and rightly took first over George Work's Sarchedor, though the latter's win over Mr. Pepper's Queensberry at the jumps was curious. The Pepper entries were all very good, some of them high-class, and carried off (to this writing) 4 firsts, 2 seconds, and 3 thirds; Queensberry and Maud winning of 5.6 jumps. The turf was somewhat soft for good jumping, but the course was fine, with six jumps, the first, furze brush; second, rail fence; third, a double; fourth, stone wall 3 ft. 6; and fifth and sixth, two-barred gates. E. C. Potter showed a noble chestnut, Barrister, and Mayor Grant appeared in the new rôle of hunter, with Oxford, a fine animal, which took a first and second. Chestnut Farrier heavy weight War Cry was a glorious animal, and Mr. Ripley's Grey Buck secured the light-weight prize. There were some fine entries in the single high steppers, particularly noteworthy being Harry Hamlin's Gladys, Fred Gebhard's His Highness, and E. C. Potter's Beau Brummel. Harry Hamlin's Gladys and Queen were successful in the tandem, and a beautiful pair they are. The showing was very good in this class, Mr. Weidenfeld taking second, and J. Lee Tailor third. The driving in this and in the fours was poor, *i. e.*, every man, with the exception of Mr. Carman, seemed simply to *steer* his cattle. This was especially noticeable in the fours. Mr. Higgins, who won, did a bit better, but the coachmen of the other entries might just as well have been wooden men. C. A. Baudouine, Jun., was missed in both these classes, Lady Gay being sick, and his absence was noticeable, for he always drives his horses, and drives them well.

W. Gould Brokaw had some beautiful stock in Class 48, with Peacock and Reed Bird. There was not a pair during the week that travelled better together or showed more style. Peacock in a hansom also secured the ribbon in Class 107, and made an extremely handsome turnout.

Later.—Old Sol on no day of the week favored the show, but the weather of Saturday was the dreariest of the six. However, it did not prevent Mr. Hamlin from capturing another blue ribbon in the tandem class—horses only to count—with Gladys and Queen, nor Mr. Carroll's Honest John winning the championship class for heavy-weight jumpers, while J. S. Watson's Helen secured the light-weight honor, and Mr. Allen's Sweetheart won the Consolation. W. Seward Webb's Rocket won in Class 71, with Prescott Lawrence's Groton second, and Blue Peter, the Bloodgood hackney stallion, defeated his competitors.

The Tandem Club this year, on the occasion of its annual meet, made the best showing in its history. It is highly creditable to our growing appreciation of such matters that the tandem, which began its career in this country amidst much jeering, has come to occupy one of the places of honor. And it is to this club, and especially to its president, Charles A. Baudouine, Jun., who has been an indefatigable laborer in the cause, that it has reached that place. There is yet much to learn in the way of driving; the good whips are few and far between, but a little improvement is noticeable every year, and that is at least something on the right side.

On the 7th the club held its annual meet, with a rendezvous at the Casino in Central Park. The start was at four o'clock, and the drive up the west side of the Park, down the east side, across the Park and Seventy-second Street to Riverside Drive, to Claremont, where the members and their guests dined and terminated the most enjoyable of the club's many drives.

The drive was led by President Baudouine, and the order and equipment were as follows:

Charles A. Baudouine, Jun.; guest, G. F. McCandless, of Baden-Baden, the president of the original Tandem Club. Horses, Lady Gay (chestnut) and Buckshot (bay), the winning tandem team in the Horse Show last autumn. Driven to a new cart made from the English plate, "a spicy team," cream body, red under-gear, and the seat has a coach-riser—a new idea on the old carts.

Thomas A. Maitland; guest, William Brewster. Bay wheeler, roan leader. Cart, new design, black body, yellow under-carriage.

John R. Townsend; no guest. Chestnut leader and white wheeler. "A spicy team" cart, cream body, red and black under-gear—a very effective cart, and well turned out.

F. D. Beard; guest, S. S. Battin, Jun. Two bays. Whitechapel cart, black and primrose.

G. Devoo Watson; guest, Charles W. Tracy. Two chestnuts, Nero and Queen. Whitechapel cart, black and vermilion.

J. M. Ceballos; guest, Mr. Hewitt. Two bays. A "going-to-cover" cart, black and green.

L. E. Wells; guest, Mr. Parry. Chestnut and gray. Whitechapel cart, black and red. Mr. Wells is one of the most enthusiastic of the club members, and is always on hand.

E. H. Myers; guest, Walter Dean, of San Francisco. Mikado and Jinks. Whitechapel cart, black and yellow.

H. B. Coombs; guest, F. D. McCaulley. White leader, gray wheeler. Whitechapel cart, red and black.

W. E. Blackford; guest, Frank E. Hayward. Bays. "Going-to-cover" cart, yellow and black.

T. J. O'Donohue; guest, Colonel H. O'Donohue. Brown leader, bay wheeler. Whitechapel cart, green and black.

Amos Ellis, of Philadelphia; guest, Burton Mansfield. Two blacks, driven to Mr. Mansfield's Whitechapel cart, the first ever brought to this country. Mr. Ellis's costume deserves passing notice, for it commanded the attention of all beholders. Arrayed in a bell-crown hat, about the color of a griddle-cake, and a coat, a copy of Jim Selby's famous driving coat, he was really too "utterly utter" for New York. Spare the Quaker City, Mr. Ellis, or at least don't air both hat and coat on the same day.

H. K. Bloodgood; no guest. Two roans. A "going-to cover" cart, yellow and blue. A very *chic* turnout.

Charles Pfizer, Jun., Vice-President; guest, Charles Knoedler. Two bays, Duke and Oolah. Whitechapel cart.

Taking the teams from the first to the last of the fourteen, it was the best turnout of the club, and the quality of the traps, harness, horses noteworthy for the great improvement made in tandem driving in New York.

POLO ASSOCIATION HANDICAP, APRIL, 19, '92.

Teams and pairs whose handicaps aggregate less than their competitors will be allowed the number of goals between their own handicap and that of their competitors.

RATING, '91.

Rockaway.—Dark Blue.—M. S. Burrill, 1. H. P. Case, 0. J. D. Cheever, 4. Farley Clark, 2. J. E. Cowdin, 8. A. Butler Duncan, 1. L. J. Francke, 4. R. T. Francke, 3. S. P. Hinckley, 0. Foxhall Keene, 10. E. La Montagne, 3. R. La Montagne, 3. W. Rutherford, 6. J. S. Stevens, 5. A. C. Tower, 2. W. Watson, Jun., 0.

Oyster Bay.—White Blouse, Red Cap.—W. H. Coles, 0. R. H. W. Ferguson, 2. Theodore Roosevelt, 0. W. E. Roosevelt, 0. N. H. Thorp, 1. L. C. Tuckerman, 0. Walter C. Tuckerman, 0. Francis T. Underhill, 1. J. B. Van Schaick, 0. John A. Weeks, Jun., 0.

Meadowbrook.—Sky Blue.—August Belmont, 6. O. W. Bird, 6. C. Carroll, 3. T. Hitchcock, Jun., 7. H. V. R. Kennedy, 1. Stanley Mortimer, 2. S. D. Ripley, 1. E. W. Roby, 2. E. Roosevelt, 2. J. C. Smith, 0. E. L. Winthrop, Jun., 3. G. Winthrop, 0. R. D. Winthrop, 6. H. K. Vingut, 1. C. F. Havemeyer, 0. R. N. Ellis, 0. Bronson Winthrop, 2. H. S. Page, 0. I. K. Magoun, 0. Percy Hoyt, 1.

Hingham.—Pink.—A. H. Alden, 0. Peter B. Bradley, 0. G. D. Braman, 0. George D. Clapp, 0. Ross L. Coe, 0. Frederick Cunningham, 0. F. B. Daniels, 0. F. B. Fay, 0. F. Guild, Jun., 0. F. D. Hussey, 0. George G. Osborn, 0.

Essex.—White Shirt, Orange Cap.—P. F. Collier, 2. J. Dallett, Jun., 3. T. H. Powers Farr, 4. C. A. Hecksher, 0. C. H. Lee, 1. C. Pfizer, 0. E. Pfizer, 2. D. Robinson, Jun., 6. R. Sedgwick, 0. W. W. Tucker, 0. Charles A. Munn, 0.

Harvard.—All Crimson, Letter H.—R. L. Agassiz, 5. C. C. Baldwin, 5. J. D. R. Baldwin, 1. J. A. Burden, Jun., 4. J. B. Eustes, Jun., 1. A. McE. Griswold, 1. I. S. Wadsworth, 0. George Griswold, 2d, 1.

Country Club of Westchester.—Scarlet, White Cap.—C. Bates, 2. R. L. Beeckman, 4. J. C. Cooley, 0. J. W. Gerard, Jun., 0. T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., 5. C. O. Iselin, 4. E. C. Potter, 5. H. N. Potter, 0. N. Reynal, 1. Marion Story, 0. L. Turnure, Jun., 3. F. A. Watson, 0. J. M. Waterbury, 2. J. M. Waterbury, Jun., 0. H. P. Whitney, 4. E. Stowe, 1.

Westchester.—Yellow.—F. O. Beach, 3. H. R. A. Carey, 0. J. T. Davies, Jun., 1. J. Lowe Harriman, 2. J. L. Kernochan, 4. W. C. Sanford, 3. Moses Taylor, 3. W. H. Vanderbilt, 3. E. Zborowski, 3. W. K. Thorn, 5.

Philadelphia.—Black Blouse, White Cap.—F. M. Dick, 0. H. Yale Dolan, 0. W. S. Ellis, 0. H. C. Groome, 1. John C. Groome, 0. W. H. Hart, 0. H. R. Hatfield, 0. C. E. Mather, 0. H. P. McKean, 2. Edw. Morrell, 0. P. S. P. Randolph, 0. J. E. Widener, 0. B. H. Warburton, 1. Charles Wheeler, 0.

Tuxedo.—Yellow Blouse, Black Cap.—T. B. Burnham, 0. Girand Foster, 0. Amos T. French, 2. Wendell Goodwin, 0. W. P. Hamilton, 0. Herbert T. King, 0. Pierre Lorillard, Jun., 3. Richard Mortimer, 0. Delancy Nicoll, 0. G. L. Ronalds, 0. Walker Breese Smith, 0. Paul Tuckerman, 0. Winthrop Chanler, 0.

Morris County.—Green Body, White Cap—George Lord Day, 3. Norm. Henderson, 1. Gustave E. Kissell, 0. William Brown Lord, 5. Benjamin Nicoll, 5. Arthur Whitney, 0. Stephen Whitney, 0. Robert Stephens, 0.

Myopia.—Light Blue, White Sash and Cap.—M. K. Abbott, 1. R. M. Appleton, 4. George P. Eustis, 2. A. P. Gardner, 3. George L. Meyer, 1. George Norman, 1. M. Norman, 1. James Parker, 3. G. L. Peabody, 3. Frederick H. Prince, 1. Frank Seabury, 0. Frederick Warren, 1. John Wright, 0. W. C. Eustis, 0.

Country Club of Brookline, Massachusetts.—White, Blue Spots.—R. W. Williams, 0. G. A. Hopkins, 0. W. A. Steadman, 0. George R. Wales, 0. W. F. Weld, 0. S. D. Warren, 2. George A. Nickerson, 0. Robert G. Shaw, 2d, 4.

For criticism see issue Weekly May 14, 1892.

The Harvard-Yale track and field games at New Haven next Friday should be more interesting than they were last year, when the score was so thoroughly becrimsoned. Harvard will unquestionably win this year, and by a large score, but, from all appearances, not so large as in '91. Yale's defeat was the means of creating considerable activity in track events at New Haven, and the result is the largest team this year they have ever put out. The sprints should make close racing, with Swayne and Allen on one side, and Hawes and Cook on the other. It looks a little as though Yale should take first in each, and probably 1, 2, in the 100. Hawes is fast, but has not shown the time of Swayne; while Allen is the coming man in the 220. Cook is a very fast man at the latter, but has had water on his ankle. In the 440, Harvard still has W. H. Wright, who, if he can keep up his nerve, should win; though Pinkham, a new man, is good; and then there are Merrill and Bingham besides, all for the crimson. Yale has Sandford, who is strong, and thought to be better than the 53 seconds he has shown. If he is good enough to make Wright a hard race, he will win, as the Harvard man's heart is not in the right place.

The half-mile should be the hardest fought race of the day. W. B. Wright, Jun., Yale, with his 1.59⅗ record, should win. But Harvard has White, who would have done much better last year if he had exercised more judgment, and Bacheldor, besides Corbin, who is an improving man. White has not been well, and is not in good form, and hardly expected to hold out. The mile will be last year's contest over again between Lowell and Nichols, Harvard, and Scoville and Williams, Yale. The first two seem to have the advantage. Lowell has a record about 4.35, which is 7 seconds better than Scoville's best, and Nichols has shown better than Williams. Harvard will take all the high jumps, with Fearing, Sherwin, Green, and Bloss, all with records over 5.9. Dickson, of Yale, has done 5.5¼. The broad jump looks about the same way; Bloss, Shead, and Green have done over 21 feet, and Yale has no man who has touched that point. Cartwright (Yale) and Sherwin (Harvard) should make a close contest, and Hart, of Yale, has done 10.3. Evins will take the hammer for Harvard—he is equal to over 100 feet—and Allen and Stillman, of Yale, will fight out second; the latter has done 90 feet. Harvard's best man in the shot, W. Shea, is barred by the faculty, but Evins and W. D. Shea are good for about 37 feet. Lyman, of Yale, has done 39, and looks like a winner. Lyman has a good chance also in the high hurdle; he has done 16⅗, and Shead, of Harvard, has done 16⅕. Fearing will take the place if he runs, and will also win the low hurdles. Harvard, with Davis, who recently made the record 5.38⅘, should win the bicycle, and Pratt and Wade, of Yale, will fight for the second.

In the past week the Harvard crew has shown a little improvement in its work, but there still remain many faults which are worthy of the closest attention. In the details of the stroke it is as well grounded as any crew Harvard has ever turned out; but in the running together of these details it is sadly at fault, though the coaching of Mr. Keyes has been very beneficial.

The "beat" of the stroke is all wrong. While the time taken for the recover would be just right for a stroke of twenty-eight to the minute, the crew is rowing a stroke of thirty-two. It is this disproportion between the stroke and the recover which makes the crew such a slow one. It will add greatly to their speed if the "beat" is made uniform, and a twenty-eight stroke rowed for a twenty-eight recover, or a thirty-two stroke for a thirty-two recover.

It does not require an expert on rowing to understand that a crew can lose valuable time and much speed by *rushing* their oars through the water, and then allowing themselves to rest until all the headway is lost and the shell comes almost to a standstill.

Watch the Harvard coxswain, and you will see him jump ahead with every stroke, then stop, then jump ahead with the next stroke. His progress is one series of spasmodic movements. Watch the coxswain of any fast crew, and you will see him move along evenly and steadily. Could you keep your eyes on him alone, you would scarcely be able to tell when the recover ended and the stroke began. I am strongly of the opinion that it is in the movements of the coxswain that the best indicator of a crew's speed is found, and this is why I am so positive that the Harvard crew is by no means fast. The trouble starts, I think, with Ninde. His stroke is very short, and he "clips" a great deal. In addition, he pulls himself up to his oar. Kelton tries his best to keep it long, but in order to move with Ninde he has to hurry his own stroke.

The next most marked man in the boat, so far as his faults are concerned, is Newell. This is *partly* due to the fact that he is rowing bow, and consequently is more prominent, but principally to his poor swing, which immediately attracts attention to him. At the very end of the recover he drops down into the boat, and before he can right himself, the men in front of him are half-way back. It would not require a great effort to correct this fault, and it would greatly improve the appearance of the crew.

Cummings is once more in the boat, having taken a position at 3. This forces Rantoul out. The members of the crew are looking well and strong, but a few of them are suffering from colds. Captain Kelton is making every effort to get the crew to New London the early part of June. Certainly, judging from the slow way in which they are moving now, an early start can do them no harm.

A radical change so late as the middle of May is often apt to create a feeling of uneasiness among the supporters of a college nine or crew, but Captain Murphy's latest move in taking Kedzie off third base permanently is meeting with general approval. Not only was he jeoparding the chances of the nine by his wild throwing and poor play at that bag, but now that he has been put behind the bat, he gives immediate evidence that this is the position for which he is far better fitted. In fact, there is a strong belief that he will not only displace Jackson permanently, but also Cole, and even the latest man tried there, Carter. It is not unlikely the regular battery will be Bowers and Kedzie, with Carter as a change at either end of the line, but regularly back at first. Rustin has already shown up as a steadier third-baseman than any yet tried, and will probably secure the place.

Murphy's knee is rapidly improving, and by this time he should be getting ready to put up his old game at short, in season for the Princeton match next Saturday. Bliss's shoulder is likely to bother him, and he will not be in as good trim even as Murphy. When Bowers gave out, and was so terrifically pounded by Amherst, it made many think of his former record, which has always been that of good work early in the season, followed by a marked weakening after the middle. It is to be hoped, for Murphy's sake, that such will not be the case this season. If it proves true, he will wish he had given Carter more opportunities.

There is little new about the crew save that they do not find just what they want in the way of a coxswain. Olmstead is now occupying that seat. Bob Cook has come up at last, and he and John Rogers are coaching. No change has been made in the make-up, except that Johnson now sits at bow more frequently than Rogers.

An attempt to re-establish international yacht-racing, which, between British obstinacy and the N. Y. Y. Club's clinging to traditions that have outlived their usefulness, we are now kept from enjoying, is to be made by Mr. David Banks, Commodore of the Atlantic Y. C. He will offer a cup open to the 46-foot class the world over; and though it bespeaks his sportsmanship, we doubt its success, so far as *international* yachting is concerned. There appears to be but one genuine trophy, and that the *America's* Cup.

A complimentary dinner was given last week to Mr. Caldwell H. Colt, Commodore of the Larchmont Y.C., by some fifty well-known yachtsmen. Mr. Colt is a Corinthian of courage and judgment, and his flag-ship, the old *Dauntless*, has been a familiar figure in these waters for a quarter of a century, being at one time flag-ship of the N.Y.Y. Club while James Gordon Bennett was Commodore.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. Club will formally open its new club-house at Oyster Bay, May 28th, and preparations are now making for a celebration in keeping with the event. The club has had a great and a deserved boon since the acquisition of its picturesque and very complete out-of-town property.

The Princeton-Columbia athletic contest suffered in point of attendance, but the rain, which never ceased during the afternoon, did not affect the sport a particle. Princeton made an astonishingly good showing of entries, and it reflects credit on the work begun by Roddy two years ago, and carried on so successfully by Captain Vredenburgh and Trainer McMasters this year. Besides such men as Vredenburgh, Swain, Woodbridge, Roddy, Borcherling, Turner, and Ramsdell, there are a number of comparative novices, McNulty, McLanahan, McCampbell, Black, Koehler, Brokaw, P. Wilson, Crane, Betts, Wheeler, Sill, and Beveridge, who seem to have the making of winners. Princeton will not do so well in the Intercollegiate Championships, but the team will be a credit to its *alma mater*, and at the rate track athletics have been advancing, Princeton another year will give Harvard some anxiety. The most exciting event on Saturday was the mile walk between Borcherling and Collis, the former winning in 6.55⅗, breaking the collegiate record. Collis was not in his best condition, owing to the care of his team, and if he rests until the Intercollegiates, it will be a great struggle between them. Borcherling has been underestimated; he is a very strong man, and was by no means used up after having walked Collis off his feet, and this too on a very heavy track. Swain is improving rapidly; he will come pretty near being the fastest 100-yard man in the country next year. Woodbridge must do better on the 28th. Whitney ran a game race, but he was not fit. Turner is in great form. If the track is good, he should touch the record. Score, Princeton, 70; Columbia, 42.

Princeton's failure to play U. of P. ball on Saturday, owing to rain, gives no line on what may be expected from the orange and black next Saturday against Yale. Both bat only fairly, but Yale's fielding is much cleaner than Princeton has shown. If the latter should have an "on" day, for a change, and not play so loosely, the game ought to be very close, and slightly in their favor; but if they play as against Harvard and U. of P., they will get just another such a drubbing.

Caspar W. Whitney.

THE LAST OF AN OLD PRISON.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

SAY, at the outside, twenty men ripping up and tearing down a mass of ill-favored buildings situate in one of the oldest portions of New York—that New York where streets are narrow and given to eccentric deviation from the straight line, telling where, in the past, watercourses or precarious cattle-paths through boggy land made early house-builders yield to accidents of ground.

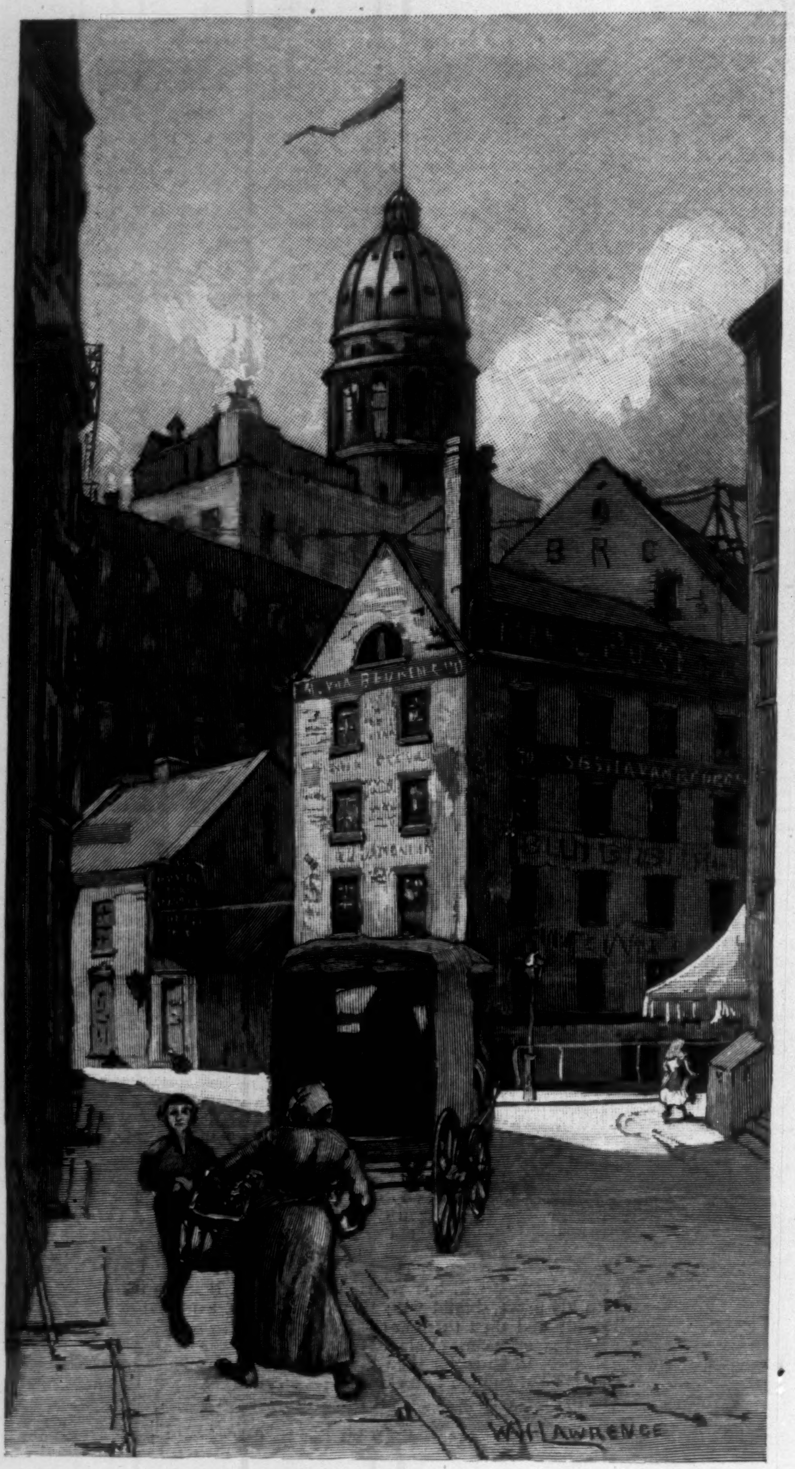
The demolishing process, when I saw it, had arrived just at that stage when the outer scarp or shell of lesser buildings bounded by Duane and Rose streets had disappeared, leaving in all its gaunt grimness one square blocky structure of sombre brownstone. That building was still intact, but in a few days—not exactly to-morrow, for it is too tough and solid to be easily brushed away—it, too, will be on a level with the street. As I looked at it, the pleasant spring sun brightened and warmed it up as it had never been brightened or warmed up in the last seventy-five years.

That old mass was, before Revolutionary times, the Cuyler Sugar-house. Afterwards it was known as the Rhinelander Sugar-house; but during our struggle for liberty it became a prison, and crammed and jammed was it with the brave men who were fighting for freedom. Here they were penned in by their captors, the British.

After the disastrous affairs of Long Island and Fort Washington, New York became a city of prisons. What was to be done with 4000 American prisoners? There were inhuman provost marshals, deputies, and commissioners in those days, and so the names of Cunningham, O'Keefe, Loring, Sproat, have come down to us as having brought excess of suffering to prisoners of war.

Looking at the building, with its few and narrow windows, ventilation would have been impossible, and here over 400 prisoners were packed in that sad year of 1777. How the place must have reeked! And so the American soldiers gasped for air, and died like sheep of the rot, and through the narrow streets there passed out, stiff and stark, the mortal remains of many a poor fellow. There was not given even a soldier's funeral. All we can do now is to feel that these brave men died for us, and that their memories are to be hallowed.

The old sugar-house—the prison—is built of small, square, evenly cut, and neatly fitted brownstone blocks. The windows are few and insignificant. Above the stone, rising to the peak, there are courses of brick; and built in, in black brick, are the three letters B.R.C. The neighborhood thinks it means British Royal Court, and will gladly impart the information to you; but Rose Street is not at its best when archæological, and so the letters only perpetuate the initials of the builder, Bernhardt R. Cuyler. These bricks are, however, juniors, the stone-work being much the senior. One curious thing is a fairly large iron "3," that mystic numeral still remaining secured to the Rose Street front. The "176" is gone, and so an imposing numerical effect is lost. Unquestionably 1763 was the date when all four numbers were fastened to the wall. Cuyler's Sugar-house passed in time to Rhinelander, and the Rhinelander family have held the land ever since; the first of the name certainly lived in close proximity to his business.



THE OLD REVOLUTIONARY PRISON, ROSE AND DUANE STREETS, NEW YORK.
Erected as a sugar-house in 1763, and now in course of demolition.

The quarter in which these buildings stood was given over to workers in iron and tin, to small grocers, and the Italians sorted and packed their rags in the prison proper. Of late years the printing, book-binding, and type-founding interests have pushed into this part of New York, and Monkey Hill will change, because on the site of the old sugar-house there will rise a fine spacious building, and printing-presses will rattle and clatter there.

The greatest of French romance-writers had a theory that buildings took to themselves expressions, became plastic as it were, emotional, and in sympathy with the acts committed within their walls. Looking then at this sinister pile, one forgets the original purpose of the building, and thinks it has a physiognomy indicative of suffering.

With all due respect for the memories of the past, a military prison of the Revolution being something never to be forgotten, it is as well that it should be obliterated—that is, in a material sense.

CONNECTICUT'S STATUES.

Two striking and highly interesting statues for the Connecticut Capitol have been completed by Mr. Charles H. Niehaus, of this city. The State of Connecticut takes pride in honoring the memories of her distinguished sons. A State commission of sculptors was created several years ago, with a view to placing in and upon the Capitol statues to men who have been especially prominent in Connecticut history. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was made chairman of the commission, and he is still at its head. The whole number of statues to be erected is twenty-eight, of which four (including Mr. Niehaus's) have been finished and placed in position. All are to be executed in marble, and most of them are to stand upon the exterior of the building.

The interest attaching to Mr. Niehaus's work for this Capitol is not derived from any general interest in the men commemorated—the Rev. Thomas Hooker and the Rev. John Davenport. Though they were among the most famous divines of the first half-century of New England colonial history, and might well be selected as typical representatives of a noted class, they have no general or large celebrity, and statues of them would certainly never be thought of except in connection with just such a broad commemorative scheme as the one that the State of Connecticut has in hand. It is not even possible to hope that Mr. Niehaus's figures bear a resemblance, or a remote resemblance, to his subjects as they were in life. Of Hooker there is no portrait extant, and the only representation of Davenport is an age-discolored and in all ways quite unsatisfactory daub in Yale College. Yet Connecticut does well to honor both Hooker and Davenport. They were intimately connected with her settlement and early development.

Hooker, besides being a clergyman of great piety, ability, and power, was the real founder of the democratic institutions of the commonwealth; indeed, for him is claimed the honor of the first effective advocacy of democratic constitutional government in America. Davenport was a scholarly divine who exercised influence upon all the important affairs of the young colony. His name still cuts a figure in all comprehensive lists of old American worthies. Both Hooker and Davenport fled from England for principle's sake, and both of them had for their persecutor the celebrated Archbishop Laud. They were perfect types of the talented, conscientious, and unbending New England preachers of the seventeenth century.

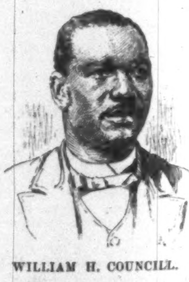
Mr. Niehaus is one of the most brilliant of the younger American sculptors. He is old enough to have thoroughly made his mark, and to have established a reputation that gives the finest promise, but not yet old enough to have executed any works of considerable magnitude. He has had peculiar success in competitive works, and has won the respect and strong appreciation of his fellow-sculptors, and cultivated among experts highly complimentary expectations. In 1886 he was awarded first prize in the great competition for the national Lee Monument at Richmond, a competition that was decided by three of the foremost experts. The equestrian sketch model submitted by him in the competition for the Grant Monument was greatly praised by the committee and its experts. In the competition for the Astor doors for Trinity Church he was an easy winner, although it was not until two weeks before the date fixed for closing the competition that he succeeded in securing an invitation to join in it, and his sketch model was actually made in a single week's time.

JOHN DAVENPORT.

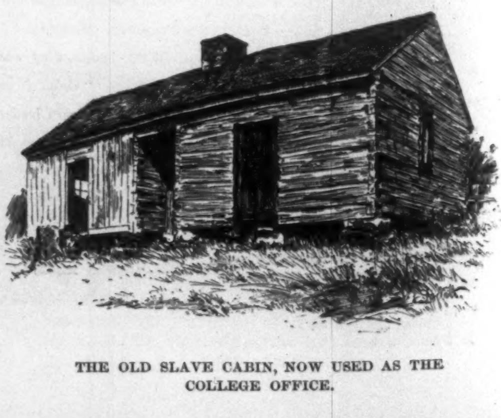
THOMAS HOOKER.

ONCE SLAVE—NOW TEACHER.

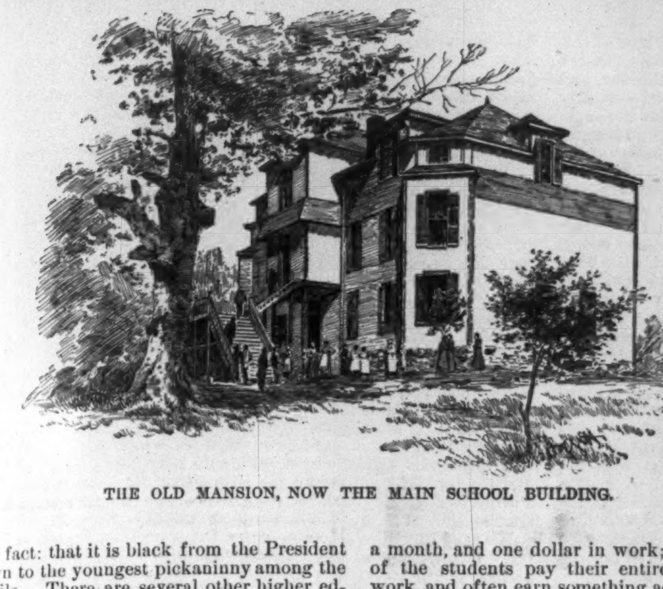
WILLIAM H. COUNCILL was once a slave. To-day he is the President of a large colored normal and industrial school on grounds which belonged to a slave-owner, the old mansion being one of the school buildings. The site is near Huntsville, Alabama, among the lovely foot-hills of the mountain range through which the Tennessee River winds its course. In the valley to which the grounds slope down from the mansion was a famous race-course, and from the porch General Jackson, who was a friend of one of the old lords of the manor, often watched the races. Not only the mansion, but the old slave cabins and the other plantation buildings, are utilized for the purposes of this colored school. The teachers in the higher departments reside in the main dwelling; a sewing class meets in one of the old slave cabins, and another of these Mr. Councill has fitted up as his office. In it are modern articles of office furniture, a case of books, and a telephone; and in this old slave cabin the former slave sits and administers with admirable judgment a school in which colored people are taught by instructors all of their own race. What a transformation from ante-bellum days! The distinctive feature of the school lies in



WILLIAM H. COUNCILL.



THE OLD SLAVE CABIN, NOW USED AS THE COLLEGE OFFICE.



THE OLD MANSION, NOW THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDING.

this fact: that it is black from the President down to the youngest pickaninny among the pupils. There are several other higher educational institutions for the colored race in the South, but the instructors in these are whites. The only whites who have anything to do with the Huntsville State Normal and Industrial School for Colored Students are three commissioners. It is a fact highly significant of the new social conditions of the South that these commissioners are ex-Confederate army officers. The school is therefore an interesting example of what the colored race is doing for its own advancement, and it was this fact that led me to visit it during a recent sojourn in Huntsville. The spirit in which the work is carried on by Mr. Councill and his assistants will be appreciated when it is stated that at a time when, because of insufficient accommodations, the efficiency of the school was impaired, the President and his staff relinquished for the good of their race one-half of their salaries, which sum, with a contribution from the Peabody Fund and other donations, went toward the purchase of a site and the erection of a suitable building in Huntsville.

The institution was founded in 1875, the State Legislature appropriating $1000. It had about fifty-five pupils and two instructors. School was held in the basement of a small colored church. By 1879 the results of the experiment stimulated the Legislature to double the appropriation. Graduates of the school had proved themselves efficient instructors in the colored public schools to which they had been assigned. The building in Huntsville, already referred to, was erected in 1882. In 1885 the appropriation was increased to $4000, and in 1891 the school was made one of the beneficiaries of the fund granted by act of Congress for "the more complete endowment and support of the colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts."

The buildings now belonging to the institution are on high ground. Besides the old mansion and out-houses, there are two large structures recently put up. One holds the chapel, recitation-rooms, and boys' dormitory; the other, the girls' dormitory and the general eating-room. In the former is a composing-room, where a little weekly journal issued by the school is set up and printed. All the furniture in the various buildings, and the mattresses in the dormitories and teachers' rooms, were made in the industrial department of the school, and students built the stable on the school farm.

Everything about the buildings is neat. The rooms in the dormitories accommodate three each, and are comfortably furnished. The dining-room and kitchen being in the girls' building, the matrons in charge of it give instruction in cooking, writing, and general house-work. Mr. Councill argues that ninety per cent. of his race in the South will for some time to come be employed in domestic service, and he therefore believes that in fitting colored girls to render such service ably, he is best promoting their welfare; and, in fact, graduates of the industrial department readily find employment at considerably higher wages than those who have not had the advantages of the Huntsville school can command. The students march into the dining-room to the beating of a drum, and before seating themselves sing grace.

The negro is rapidly becoming the small farmer or planter of the South, and therefore the farming department of the school has proved of great value. Cotton and corn, the chief Southern agricultural products, are raised here by the students under the supervision of a competent instructor. Last season's crop yielded 2000 bushels of corn and 4 bales of cotton. Students are also taught to properly care for horses and vehicles, and a dairy, blacksmithy, and horse-shoeing establishment are important adjuncts of the farm. The industrial department embraces furthermore carpenter, wheelwright, and paint shops, a mattress factory, a laundry, and rooms in which plain and fancy sewing are taught.

In the scholastic department the studies are those which we would understand as belonging to a High-School course, with music and book-keeping added. All instruction is free. Board costs the student seven dollars a month, and one dollar in work; but most of the students pay their entire board in work, and often earn something additional.

The schedule of daily exercises is as follows:

Rising Taps	5 00 A.M.
Dressing and arranging rooms:	5 00 to 5 30 A.M.
Study Hour	5 30 to 6 45 A.M.
Devotions	6 45 to 7 00 A.M.
Breakfast	7 00 to 7 50 A.M.
School	8 00 A.M. to 1 00 P.M.
Dinner	1 00 to 2 00 P.M.
General Work	2 00 to 4 00 P.M.
Recreation	4 00 to 6 00 P.M.
Tea	6 00 to 7 00 P.M.
Devotions	7 00 to 7 15 P.M.
Study	7 15 to 9 00 P.M.
Retiring Taps	9 00 P.M.

There are sixteen instructors and over three hundred pupils, many of whom are day pupils. The pupils range in age from fourteen to forty years, the elder being school-teachers who pass an occasional term at the school to refresh their minds. Some two thousand volumes form a nucleus for a library.

The school is, however, chiefly interesting because it is an example of what the negro is doing for his own advancement. It is black for black. The time is past when the Southern negro can sit in idleness, with his hands in his lap, and his mouth open, expecting Northern friends to drop sugar-plums into it. His future is all in his own hands. Mr. Councill has recognized this, and is practically aiding his race to work out its salvation.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

WRECKED AMID THE BREAKERS.

MANY a good ship by bad seamanship strikes, sinks, and goes down. So many a strong constitution and fine physique are wrecked and become a total loss through neglect of the premonitions of kidney trouble, easily remediable at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The impetus given to inactive kidneys and bladder by the Bitters never produces irritation as unmedicated stimulants do, and prevents disease. Take the Bitters in rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, la grippe.—[*Adv.*]

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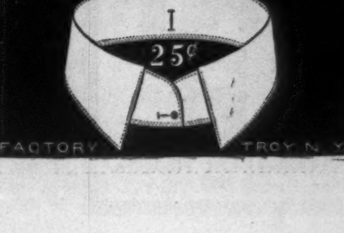

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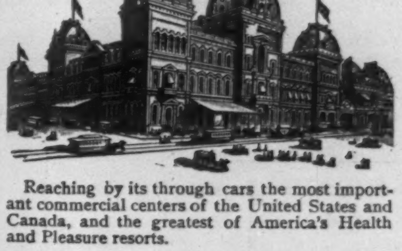

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LOVE-SONG.

I FEEL the magic spirit of
  Her presence in the May.
Whose witching beauties breathe of love
  Along the flowered way.

In the pink rose I see her face
  Carven so frail and sweet;
The subtle music of her grace
  Blows in the dimpling wheat.

I hear the rustle of her gown
  While breezes stir the trees;
Whene'er they shake a blossom down,
  She throws a kiss to me.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THREE STATEMENTS BY AN APACHE.

IT goes without saying that this Apache Indian is educated, and it should be said that he is in a position to know what he is talking about, being employed in government service on a reservation in Nevada. As he is among Indians of a different tribe from his own, tribal prejudice has nothing to do with his views.

He was asked by letter:

How many of the men and women on your reservation would work if they had work to do, and were paid when it was done?

His answer was, "All."

How many Indians are there who would like to go out among white people and make their way if they had the opportunity?

He answered, "All; but they have an idea that they must remain inside of the reservation."

How many, with reasonable help, would be able to do this (come out of the reservation, and live where there was work)?

Answer, "One-half."

To confirm these statements, which are stronger than the questioner had looked for, the Apache gives glimpses of the lives of these people, and of the obstacles in the way of their progress.

"We are 120 miles from the nearest railroad station," he says. "In the radius of 100 miles there are no signs of civilization; there are only cowboys and miners, who are not the best of educators. The country is mountainous, and covered with sage-bushes. Our supply of wood—mostly cotton—we get from the mountains. The Indians use sage-bushes for their fuel. This reservation is 20 miles in length, and 10 in width—this is the valley inside of the reservation, being supplied by two small streams, but they go dry in the fall. I take it on my own responsibility to say that it is not a fit place for the Indians to be prosperous, on account of insufficient water to supply the demand needed on their land. Those who have good water supply raise good crops, but those who do not, fail and get discouraged, as whites would do. Since the last agent," he goes on to say, "the Indians have built more frame houses one story high than any previous years, but not suitable ones. Before, they all lived in tents and grass huts. The Indians do not have houses, not because they do not want them, but because they are compelled, for they do not understand how to build a house, nor have they wagons and horses to travel the distance of 120 miles to haul their lumber to build. At their command they have nothing. What they wish is miles away." He states that the agent has done a great deal in giving the Indians all the work he could get for them to do, and paying them like white people. "But it only lasts a few months," he says, "such as cutting wood and hauling freight. I am glad to say that many go off on farms during harvest-time, and in that way earn enough to live through the winter. As a result of not having anything to occupy their time, idleness and gambling predominate," he says.

And yet he writes that these Indians are clothed in civilized garments, talk English freely, "and are industrious." This means when there is anything for them to do.

But with what people would it not mean the same thing? Take away the stimulus of the white man's demands and rewards, and how many would labor? "The ration system wouldn't work well here," announced a business man one day, watching the eager crowd in one of the busiest streets of a great city.

Neither would it work well to have nothing to do. And on such reservations as the one referred to things are at a dead-lock in regard to work. Beyond their rations, when they have these, the Indians have only their land. If they are to make their living at all, it must be by crops. But for these the greater part of the land needs irrigation; they have no money to irrigate with. Congress hasn't any, either. Therefore the ground cannot be cultivated; therefore the Indians must be idle. Therefore how are they to be lifted above those vices of idleness which assail the red man and the white alike? If there's nothing for them to do, aren't they expected to do it?

Millions of dollars spent in establishing industries upon or in the region of the reservations would be excellent, if there were people to spend the millions. But this will come only when such industries will pay. When it comes, the Indians individually will be trained in such work, and this will do very much toward their habits of citizenship. Nature has made a huge mistake in not creating all Indians farmers, since we've arranged things with this view. But it has bestowed upon them ingenuity and skill in some ways of use to us if we will give them a chance to develop these faculties individually, not by tribes.

What does it need to open the way to this?

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We may talk of reservation schools to the end of the chapter. But we know that nothing has waked up the whole Indian country like the Eastern schools, although among the wild Indians it has waked it up with a growl; instinct teaches their foes. It has compelled even these to take a long look ahead, and has broadened their horizon by the distance of all the civilized country lying between them and the East. It has added immeasurably to their convictions that they must give in to civilization. This other movement of the Indians seeking work by going out from them would have a still more decided effect. They may not care for school, but it will count to get money. And the letters and the news that their friends would send back would sweep a breeze of American life through the vacuity of the reservations. For since the beginning of time and in all countries, pioneer work has always had immense effect. As to ourselves, would it have been better for us if the *Mayflower* had never sailed?

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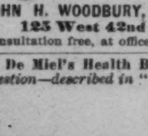

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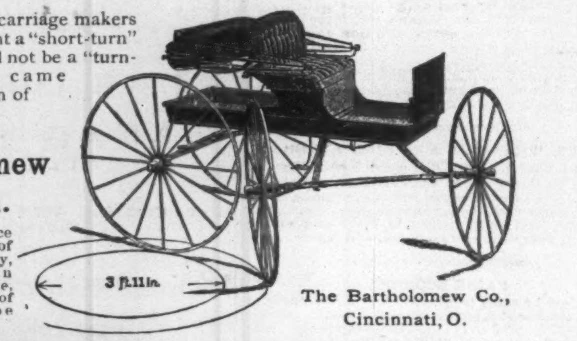

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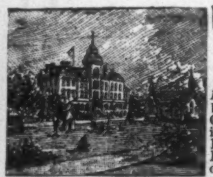

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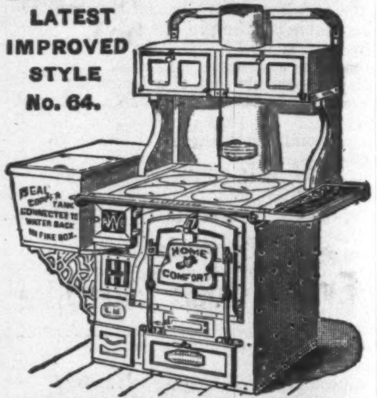
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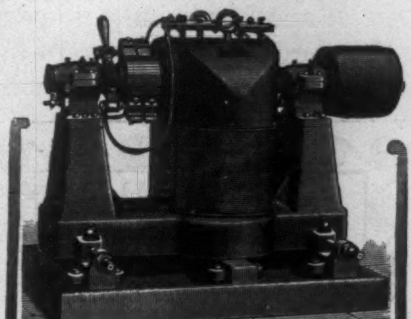

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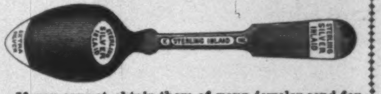

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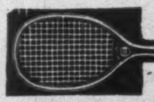

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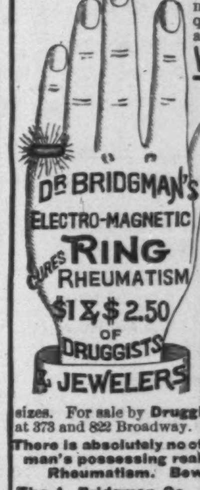

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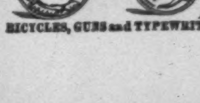

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